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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIX. No. 1692 JUNE 25, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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"Angela"

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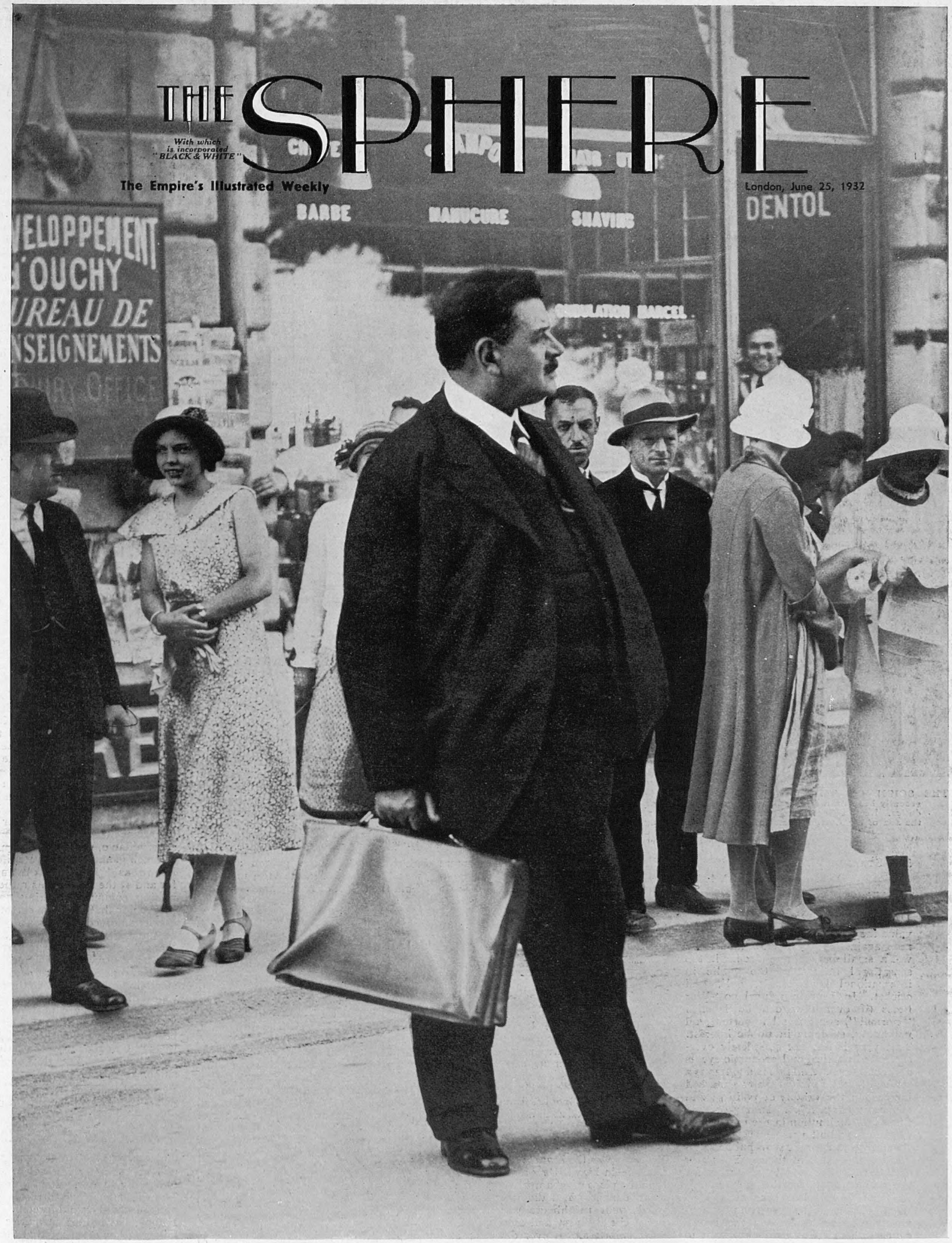
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, June 25, 1932



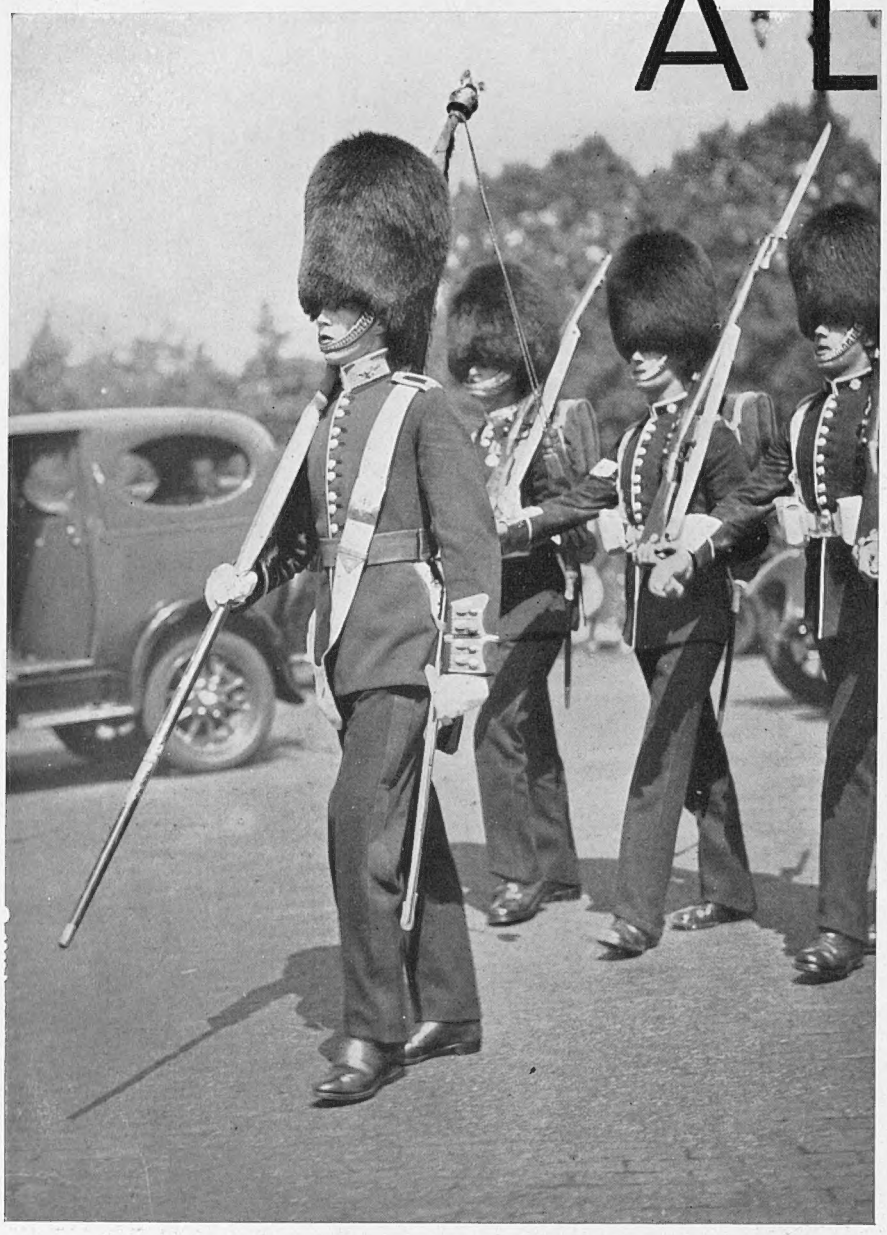
M. HERRIOT AT LAUSANNE

The French Premier in Socialistic Mood at the Reparations Conference

The great interest in the Lausanne Conference at the moment hinges on the question whether M. Herriot will prove more of a Frenchman or more of a Socialist: if, in other words, the French Premier, whose attitude and habit are growing more and more to be typically of the Left, will act nationally or internationally. It is of interest to note that M. Herriot as a French orator was completely overshadowed by Chancellor Herr von Papen, who proved himself a master of the language of diplomacy. The French insistence on security is the stumbling-block to an amicable settlement—a lingering trace of the Tardieu policy of the Right. It is stated that the crux of the problem lies in the reconciliation of non-payment on the part of Germany with France's refusal to renounce the unconditional annuity on the one hand and America's refusal to renounce the War debt on the other. Meantime—M. Herriot appears in lounge suit, and double collar, and the Internationalists, Sentimentalists, and Socialists take heart

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New



THE SCION OF THE HOUSE OF CHAMBERLAIN: Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who has recently been on a long sea cruise for the benefit of his health, has returned to his military duties. He is a Second Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards (2nd Battn.). Mr. Chamberlain, the son of Sir Austen Chamberlain, is seen fulfilling the functions of Ensign Bearer at the Changing of the Guard

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, June 22, 1932.

WIMBLEDON AND ALL THAT.

—The social historian—if he value the truth—must, I think, make a note against the year 1932 that there was a small but definite decline in the sensational interest of the public in international lawn tennis, golf, and cricket. In June in normal post-War times (if ever they can be labelled "normal") sport is all important, all pervading, supreme in public interest. This year it has not completely overshadowed political and economic events and conditions. And this is due less to a return of public sanity than to a marked increase in the gravity of political and economic happenings. In my opinion this slight diminution in the importance of games is a bull point—for the games themselves and for the semi-public semi-heroes who excel at them. Your star cricketers are inclined to play more for the side and less for the gallery when the spot-light is less concentrated on them. The young ladies from the provinces who hold court on the centre courts of Europe and who are wont to receive, as of right, the sloppy adulation accorded to film stars, will all improve their services with a little dash of humility and hard practice, and the professional golfer will regain his sense of proportion if he is not for ever being interviewed and canvassed for his opinion on matters of which he knows far less than you and I or any intelligent pupil teacher.

. . . . .

In the universe the earth is a very small ball indeed compared with the sun. And compared with the Earth, a cricket, tennis, or golf ball is a very unimportant little particle. And those who are playing (fumbling, perhaps) to control the big ball called *The Earth* are entitled logically to receive more deference from the public and more space in public journals than those who juggle with the smaller balls. We do not want to see half empty courts at Wimbledon nor untenanted blocks of seats at Lord's. But we lose nothing if those green acres are thronged with crowds of folk who have regained their senses of proportion and humour, and regard the flannelled folk in their proper perspective. Let us glory in their triumphs and sympathize in their defeats (if America, France, India, etc., should prove to be lucky), and let us measure the gravity of our sympathy by the relative unimportance of those results. Let us call a game a game, and not an International Event of Far-reaching Significance. There are Courts at Geneva, Lausanne, and Ottawa as well as at Southfields.

BACK TO LUXURY.

—Economy was the keynote of the London Season—in May! Beer and sandwiches took the place of champagne and a sit-down supper. You did your duty towards your neighbours with a sherry party, the cheapest and easiest form of mass entertainment ever devised; and ball hostesses vied with each other, not to make a splash but to cut down the costs. And nobody suffered and nothing suffered. There was no diminution of young men, no decline in chaperones, no loss of spirit and go. But, bless us, it couldn't last. The desire to score an easy triumph, to go one better, was too much for some hostesses who could afford the ortolans, the pêches Melba, and the champagne. In June, champagne began to flow, the young men began to turn up their noses at economy menus, and the old rivalry of Mammon resumed its sway. The more "important" June balls were all on the pre-War standard, the gold standard, and champagne all the month has been poured out like water. It will take something more than our present little crisis to bring London hostesses into rigid line, resolutely determined on a lower standard of luxury, and forsworn against blacklegging. The competition is too cruel and the game too enthralling. And somebody benefits by this competition, no doubt.

A GREAT ARTIST.

—Sir Alfred Gilbert, R.A., whom the King lately honoured for his design of the Queen Alexandra Memorial, is a great artist. His greatness has been measured in his lifetime. Someone said recently in reference to him that such a one appeared but once in five hundred years. One penalty of such eminence is that the limelight of achievement will mingle with the searchlight of criticism. The Eros fountain in Piccadilly Circus has easily survived this illumination, though the bronze standards next it, which almost turn night into day, are an invasion of its liquid lines. The oasis has been sadly tampered with. The needs of St. George's Hospital are sufficient to excuse the great advertisement boards that form an overpowering background to the bust of John Hunter facing Hyde Park. But though the discriminating public may from the omnibus top benefit by the view of this exquisite bronze, better backgrounds and quieter sites are available. There is neither seclusion nor leisure near the Eros fountain, and the bronze portrait of John Hunter is beset with hurrying traffic and eye-enticing devices, but before the Alexandra Memorial there is encouragement and an invitation for all and sundry to pause in front of this new creation of Gilbert's brain, wherein the muffled grace of the figures and subtle almost home-spun quality of the drapery stand in strong contrast to the forest of polished perpendicular staves and mouldings congregated in the background. The throne of Charity, which is ample enough for her sisters as well, supplies a satisfying frame for the group, and the spectator while admiring the dignity of the conception can only hope that some envious growth, some vigorous tree or creeper, may one day be allowed to pass through the barrier from Marlborough House garden and, by masking a part of it, save the memorial from the defect of redundancy.

THE WENLOCK PEERAGE.

—It is rare that a peerage passes to four brothers in succession only to die out in the end. But that has come about with the death of the sixth Lord Wenlock, better known and widely loved as Sir Arthur Lawley. The nearest parallel I can recall is in the Bessborough peerage. The fifth, sixth, and seventh earls were brothers. A kind heart, a sincere desire to help, a strong public spirit, and an infinite charm were Sir Arthur's characteristics. He leaves two daughters, of whom one is the widow of the late Lord Wraxall and the other the wife of the Editor of *The Times*. The first Lawley known to have been established as landowner at Wenlock in Shropshire was killed at Tewkesbury in 1471. They were faithful to Shropshire until marriage with a Thompson of Escrick took them to York. The peerage was a fairly modern re-creation, but the baronetcy dates back to 1641. Sir Arthur Lawley succeeded his brother as Governor of Madras, and died on the day of the Madras Dinner in London, at which he would have been the principal guest.

LORD ANTRIM.

—This country was made the poorer last week by the deaths of two more kind-hearted and public-spirited men. The only tribute I can pay to Sir Donald Maclean—since I did not know him save as a public servant—is this: when the news of his death came through on the wireless, a nurse in my house who had long ago acted professionally in his house burst into tears and said he was the kindest-hearted man she had known. Lord Antrim's death plunges into mourning and grief a very wide circle; a large family connection of McDonnells, Greys, Talbots, and Lytteltons; hundreds of men and women, young and old, of every class, in England, Scotland, and Ireland; the farmers of Antrim with whose aims he so practically sympathized; those who controlled and benefited by the Peabody Trust; neighbours in Scotland and Surrey, and scores of friends made in an hour, and remembered ever after in all parts of the world. If ever power radiated from a small compass, it radiated from him. Virtue went out of him at every contact. An intense enthusiasm, a wonderful sympathy, a wide and all-embracing humanity, lightened the darkness all round him. He laughed and the sun seemed to burst out, he was enthusiastic and colour crept back into life, he sympathized and strangers felt the comfort of a secure friendship. There was never such a listener as he. He looked like a boy and he spoke like a boy, and he acted on the spur of the moment like a boy, and every one of his actions directly helped his neighbour in timely, practical, and understanding form. Surely the Lord of Might, who delights in deeds, approved him who all his short life devoted himself to Stevenson's ideal:

"Who still with laughter, joy, and shout,
Spins the great Wheel of Earth about."

Death, which takes all away, leaves us at least the memory of his laughter, his enthusiasm, his sympathy, and his humility, so astonishing to us who knew the value of the gifts he broadcast.

GENERAL KAVANAGH.

—Scores of cavalrymen will rejoice at Sir Charles Kavanagh's appointment as Governor of the Military Knights of Windsor. He commanded the 10th Hussars and was G.O.C. the Cavalry Corps in the Great War, the last and (I suppose) the first commander of a full British Corps of Cavalry on service in Europe. This is a cavalry leader of the old school, depending on tradition and native dash and pluck rather than on the science taught in the modern school. A formidable, rather dour man, capable of much geniality in private life, he was known as "Black Jack" and fought for and at the head of his rather embarrassing command, fearing nothing in Heaven or that Hell on earth, save the extinction of cavalry as a distinct arm of the service in France. Many the "gap" he laid his plans to dart through, but he never got his chance, and the pluck and patience he showed in France stood him in good stead in the far harder times of peace. He was believed to figure in an obscure post-War novel as "General Allchin." When it was brought to his notice his only comment was: "I wonder why the fellow called me Allchin." Yet this choice of a name, if indeed he was the original, was probably the only sound and the only uncontroversial feature in the long-forgotten novel.

A SCHEME OF INVESTMENT.

—This tragic paragraph is written in no carping spirit. I do not blame my broker. It is human to err. The world has gone to pieces in a way no man could or did foretell. Brokers, I hope, have short memories of their failures (they often say that their clients have short memories of successful tips). This little tale admirably illustrates the incredibly optimistic spirit of England at the crest of the last great Stock Exchange boom. It is almost unbelievable. The naked truth often is. It seems only yesterday that an old stager went to his broker and said: "I want to reorganize the investment of my life savings which have satisfactorily increased as a result of this boom. Booms don't last for ever. Let us take all our profits and re-invest on a sounder basis. I want reasonable safety with of course a fair chance of capital appreciation and a return of over 5 per cent. I find I have about £5,500 to lock up." After discussion the following scheme was agreed:—

sletter

	£
50 Celanese of America Common at 19½ ("Sure of gradual capital appreciation.")	1,000
200 Kreuger and Toll Debentures at £5 ("Safe as the Bank of England.")	1,000
1,000 Benguella Railway Debentures at 75 - - - - - - - - ("Fully guaranteed by a powerful group.")	750
200 Borax Consolidated Preferred Ordinary Shares of £5 at 4½ - - - ("Good prospects; immense reserves.")	900
280 Ordinary Shares Dunlop Rubber Co. at 33s. 4½d. - - - ("This wonderful concern is bound to do better and better, and the shares even now are not unreasonably high.")	475
£1,000 G.W.R. Preference Stock at 90 ("A gilt-edged trustee security.")	900
£600 Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway 4½ per cent. Debentures at 80 - - ("An entirely sound investment, fully secured.")	480

It only remains to ring down the curtain on this little domestic tragedy by stating that the capital value of his little nest-egg to-day has fallen from £5,500 to £1,200, while of the seven investments five have ceased to yield any sort of return of income. It will be a long road to traverse before the stockbroker's reputation for wisdom is re-established.

THE OXFORD SOCIETY.—If the idea, recently propounded by Lord Grey of Fallodon, of the formation of an Oxford Society to bind together Oxford's alumni, does not go like hot cakes, I will eat a copy of THE SPHERE—advertisement pages and all. It falls astonishingly apt. It is a Masonic effort exactly in the required direction. Heaven knows, there is nothing of privilege and class distinction in the idea. If Oxford men and women alive to-day do not represent what is best in the ideal of democracy, they represent nothing. For decades Oxford has done her best for young people of promise from every class in the State. Her secret which none can utter has gone out into all lands, to the Senate house and to the slum, to the four corners of the world. An Oxford Society, if it succeeds in securing reasonable representation, will be an Unofficial League of Nations of tremendous import to international good fellowship and understanding, an important instrument for improving the tastes and the ideals of civilization, in combating falsehood, ignorance, class-jealousy, and all the shams and snares which hinder and enmesh the frail footsteps of advancing education on which so many hard-wrung millions are poured away every year.

HITLER'S INCOME.—From the Belgian Congo comes to me an interesting document apropos a recent reference to Hitler's income. It was widely reported in the Press recently that Hitler's income amounted to £37,000 a year. I remarked that I felt justified in dividing that figure by four at least. The document is a declaration by Hitler before a lawyer, Dr. Josef Muller of Nurnberg. Hitler, it seems, thought it necessary to rebut "the lies of German Reds." He therefore categorically denies: (1) That he spent on himself 4,048 marks at the "Kaiserhof" during 10 days; (2) That he gets any income at all from his "party"; (3) That he yearly receives 240,000 marks from his publishers, Franz Eher; (4) Or 200,000 marks from the proceeds of political meetings; (5) That he has any means save from his literary efforts; (6) That he receives *personally* any salary as a Government councillor. This salary is distributed to the unemployed in Brunswick. The document is of sufficient interest to quote, and was doubtless sent to me for that purpose.

A PROPER JUNE.—It seems long since one has enjoyed such a June. Pleasant to bathe on the south coast, to watch cricket on the pavilion top at Lord's, to get a preliminary taste of Wimbledon on the green oasis, to parade with your favoured mannequin at Ascot, to get in a round of evening golf, to watch the moon and the limelight making magic of those superb masses of military colours on the arena at Rushmoor, to tie up lupins in your garden after a dinner of spring chicken, cold asparagus, and gooseberries and junket, to sit under the limes near the Dell in Hyde Park or by the Serpentine in Kensington Gardens, or to ride in the Row before breakfast. All these things you and I have done between us these last glorious days.

THE OLD STAGER.

Charles E. Brown

AN AERIAL NIGHTMARE: "The Terror"—a stunt machine which last year was painted to represent a pterodactyl—is taking part in this year's R.A.F. Pageant in the rôle of a Martian monster. It was caught by the camera en route to Andover, where a rehearsal of to-day's display was held

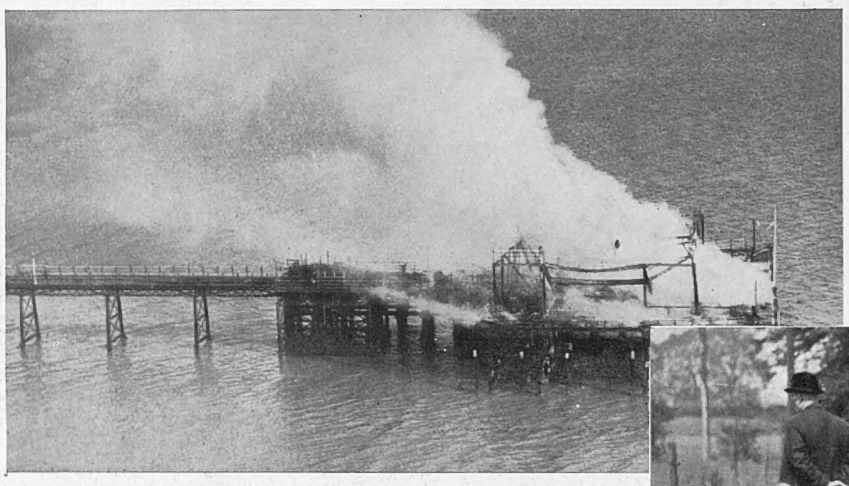
A CHINESE WEDDING IN A CHRISTIAN CHURCH: Mr. Shiu Hong Ma, the son of the great "universal provider" of China, and Miss Rebecca To in the bridal group posed after their marriage at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The incident was quite unusual, for so few Chinese, comparatively speaking, are members of Christendom

ALFRESCO REHEARSAL: Dancers in the Camargo Ballet at the Savoy Theatre rehearsed, owing to the heat wave of last week, on the roof of the building. Crowds gathered in the streets to watch M. Anton Dolin and other performers gyrating and posing in bizarre costumes and formal attitudes

FIRES and ACCIDENTS of the HEAT SPELL

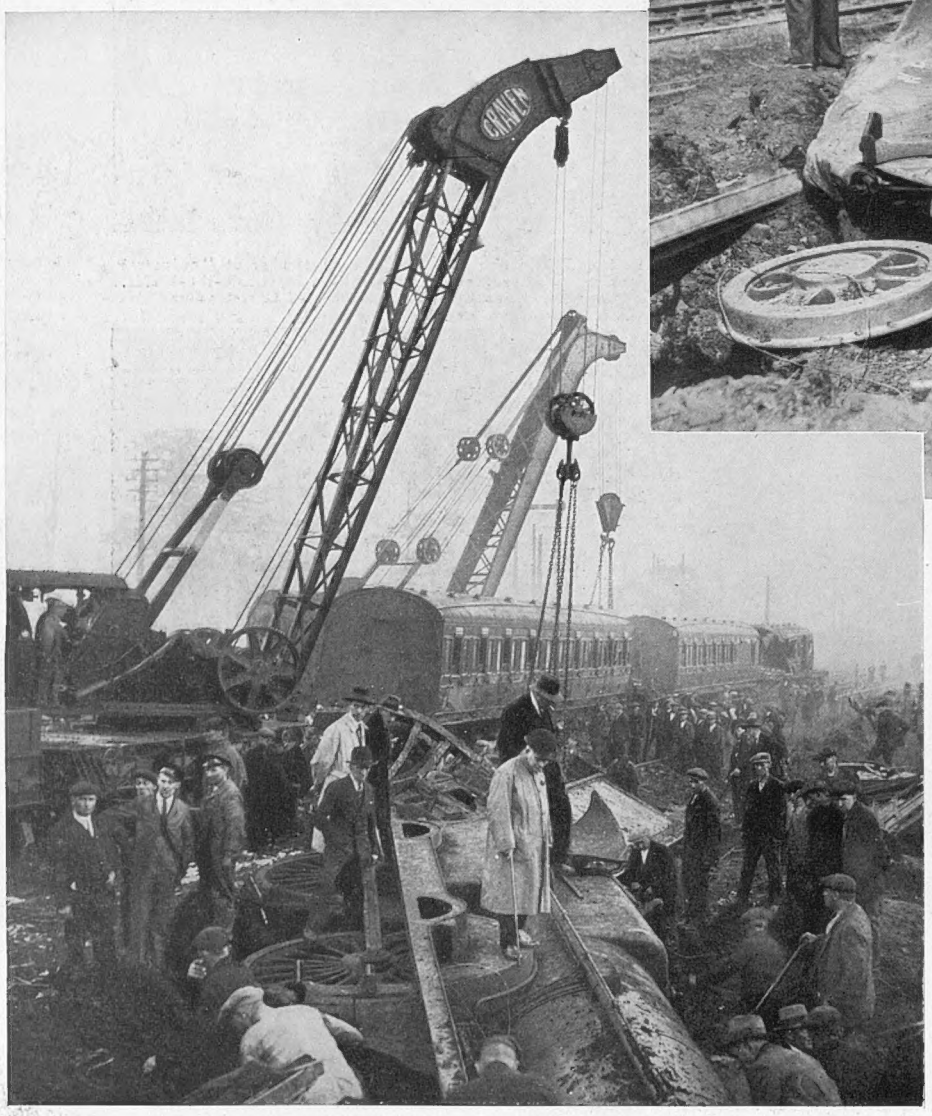
WHO INSURES THE INSURANCE WORLD? A severe fire occurred in the Prudential building, Holborn. Some employees were trapped on the roof, but, fortunately, no casualties were recorded. Firemen are here seen fighting the flames in the upper storeys

STREAMS OF WATER AND CLOUDS OF SMOKE filled High Holborn when the Prudential building caught fire a few days ago. This picture gives a general impression of the surging crowds and the activities of the fire brigade



FIRE ON WATER: The dance-hall, restaurant, band-stand, and roof-garden on the pier of Lee-on-Solent—300 yds. from the shore—were reduced to a charred mass of debris through fire. The damage is estimated at £35,000

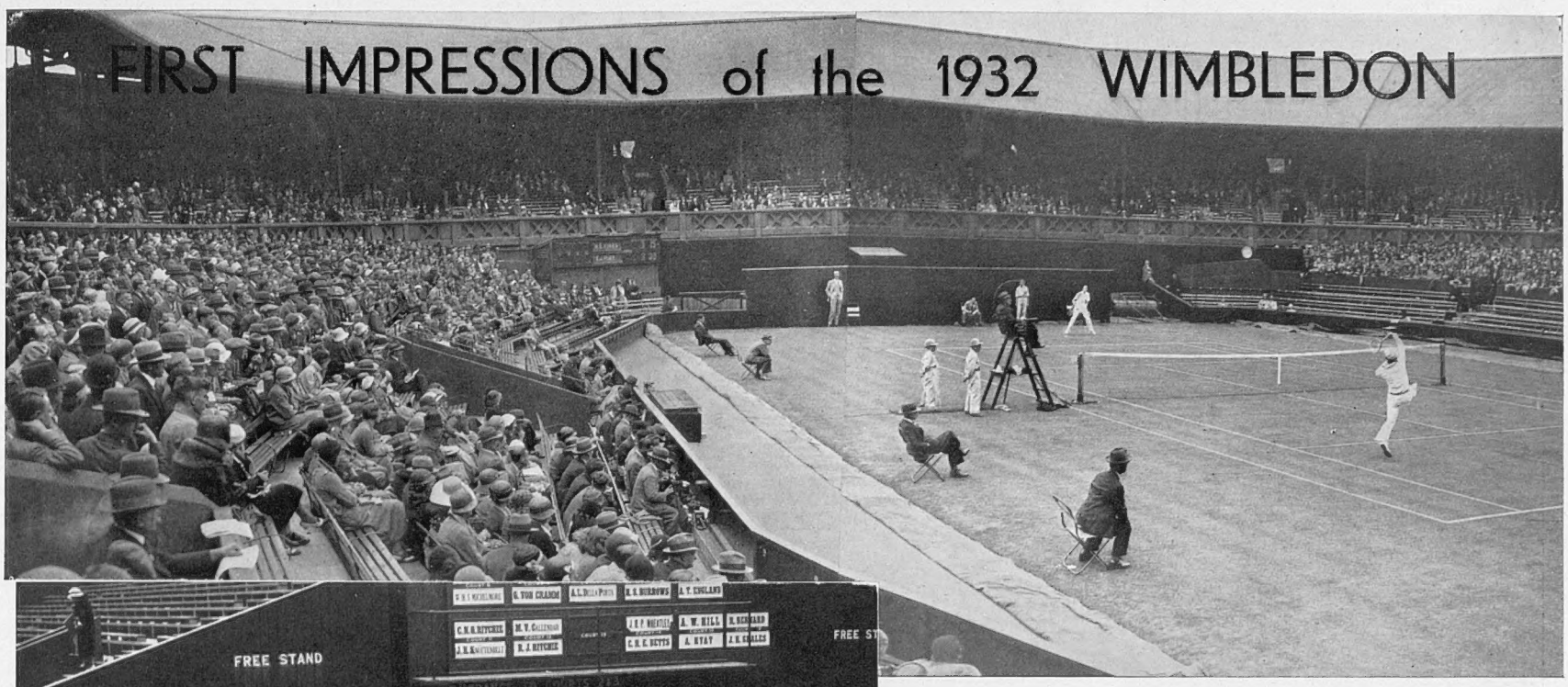
BURIED! The locomotive almost covered with earth after the express train crash (with four fatalities) on the L.M.S. at Great Bridgeford, near Stafford. The engine jumped the metals and buried itself in 10 ft. of earth



SALVAGE: Cranes and rescue workers co-operate to dig the L.M.S. locomotive which crashed at Great Bridgeford by jumping the metals at 40 m.p.h. The most strenuous efforts were made throughout the night to clear the main line between Birmingham and Crewe for subsequent traffic

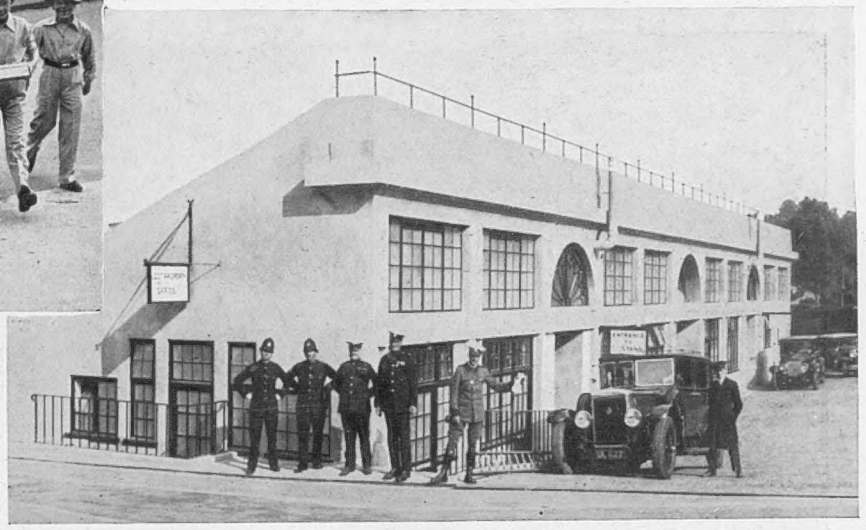
THE DANGER OF THATCH was clearly demonstrated at Ashford, North Devon, a few days ago, for an old house, built on the foundations of a Saxon landmark, caught fire and ignited another thatched house

FIRST IMPRESSIONS of the 1932 WIMBLEDON



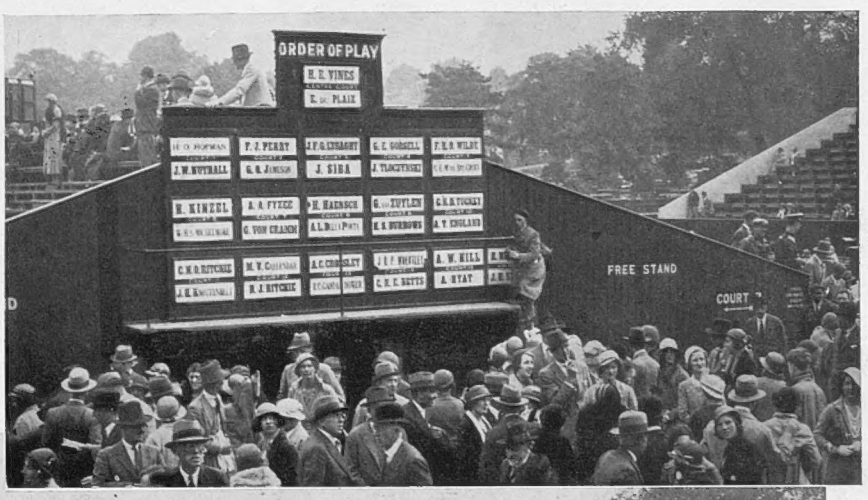
THE OPENING MATCH: To H. E. Vines, the U.S. champion, seeded second, fell the honour of inaugurating this year's Wimbledon. He played—and defeated—the supremely steady E. du Plaix of France, but his form did not impress owing to his uncertain patches

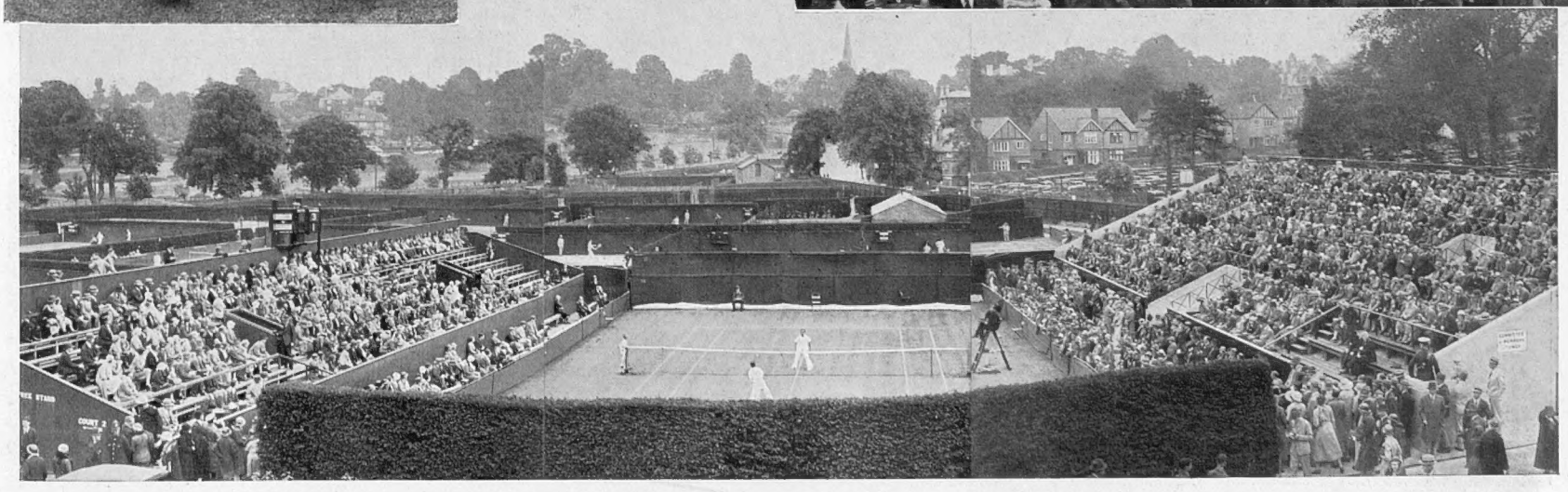
SHORTS AND LONGS: The ball-boys (who invariably come in for acrid criticism from players and writers alike) in the tennis shirts, dark shoes, grey flannel trousers and grey hats that have been adopted in place of the verdant and purple confections of yesteryear



WIMBLEDON'S NEW STAND cost £8,000 and is positioned to command No. 2 Court. It offers free seating and below the rake are a lost property office, a lounge for umpires, and a new dressing-room for men competing. Competitors' cars are parked outside the new stand

CHAMPION OF JAPAN: T. Kuwabara who went down on the first day to G. P. Hughes after five sets. He is fancied for the final of the "Plate"



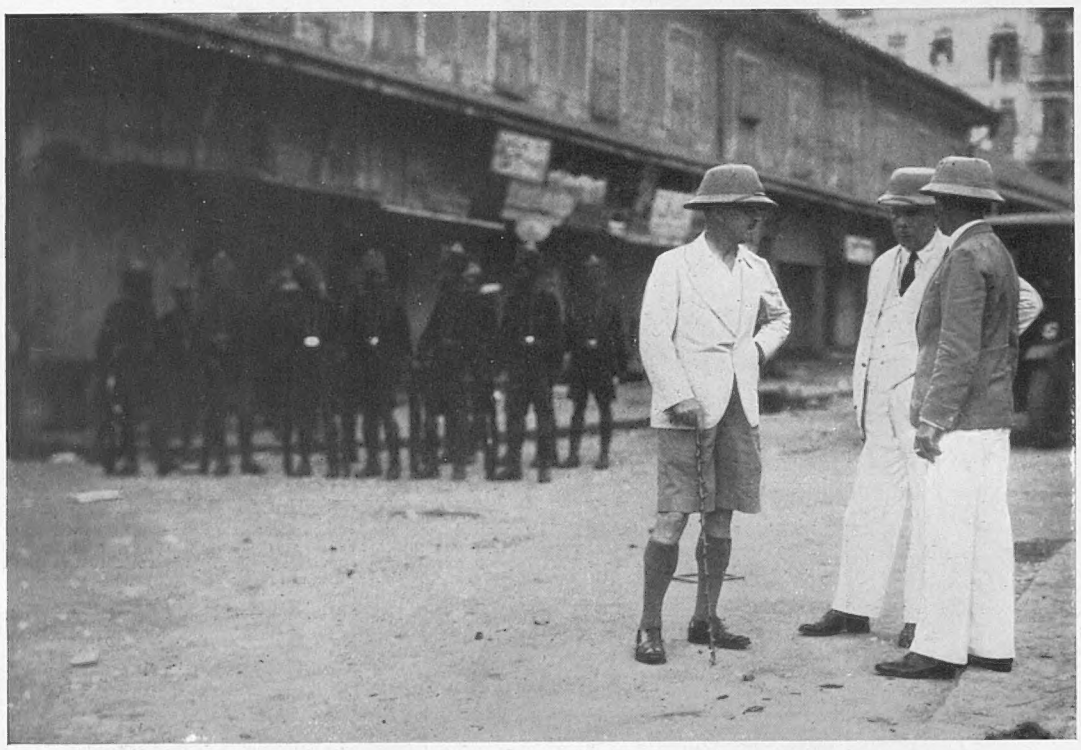


Inset above—FRANCE v. FRANCE: J. Borotra who, playing with the 'flu, yet beat A. Merlin, Cochet's protégé in five sets, 0—6, 6—1, 1—6, 6—4, 6—2

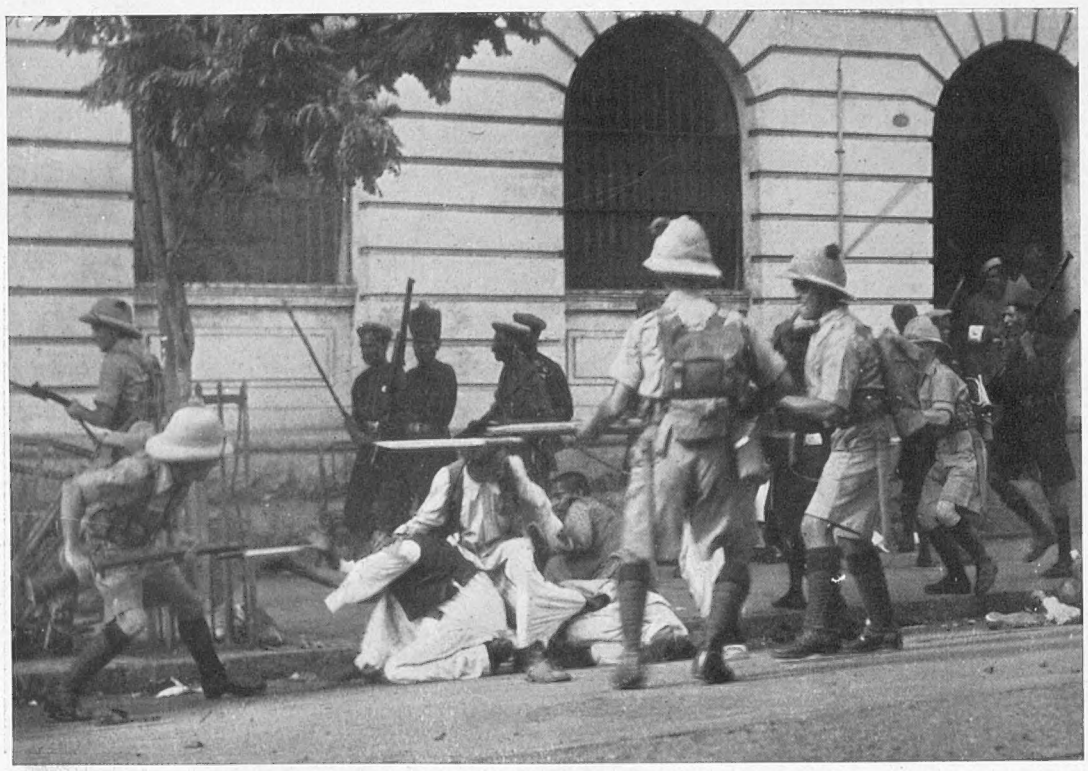
THE NEW STAND AND No. 2 COURT dominates the 1932 Wimbledon. Perry is seen beating G. O. Jameson in straight sets

Inset above—THE NAMES OF THE MIGHTY playing at any given moment are set up outside the Centre Court. Portraits of all the seeded players appear in this issue on p. 526

Escorted by British troops in an armoured car, Hindus living in a Muslim area are transported to a co-religionist district during one of the periodical upheavals engendered by antipathetic religious feeling



The average British officer carries his walking stick largely for its psychological effect and never permits himself to get flurried no matter how a riot is raging. Only picked men are allowed to fire to break up a *melée*



"The baggy-trousered Pathans and their inseparable sticks look truculent enough. A Pathan with a grievance is a dangerous man"—but he cannot break through British bayonets

RIOT IN

A First-hand Impression from of "The

Twice in three years communal in Bombay, and on each occasion might have been the casualty majority of riot victims remain never appear in print. In 1929 dead and wounded; during the dead numbered only half as were over 1,600 and crowded out picture describes these comm

The stream of life which flows so noisily and thickly through the narrow streets of Bombay city bazaars has stopped. These narrow gullies and other thoroughfares wear the air of midnight at noon. Yet not quite. For even at midnight there is life, rows of slumbering forms under thin cloth, sleeping outside on the pavements in preference to spending the stuffy May night in those boxlike dens above. Now everyone is indoors, peeping from windows and waiting with an air of hushed expectancy.

No trams, no bullock carts creaking along while the driver guides the patient animals by twisting their tails, no *dhobies* and their donkeys, no hawkers, even no beggars in front of the closely shuttered shops.

There is a foul collection of litter everywhere, for the conservancy *bandobast* no longer works. Here and there down the street are piles of tin trunks, account books flung all over the road, a heap of charred bales of cloth—telling their story of looted shops. Pillage is rampant, and while the police are busy preventing mass murders of people who a short time ago reviled and stoned these same yellow-capped policemen, all the thieving instincts of those *mavalis*, of bad characters, are busily engaged.

The eerie silence is broken by the raucous clanging of a bell and the sound of a car of sorts. An ambulance? No, here it comes, a fire engine. The Bombay Fire Brigade was kept busy every day of "Red Week" for there were hundreds of cases of fires. Mob rule enabled people to work off old scores, to pay off long-standing grievances against petty shopkeepers who annoyed someone or other. The smoke of arson floated wide over industrial Bombay above the riot areas.

Vendetta

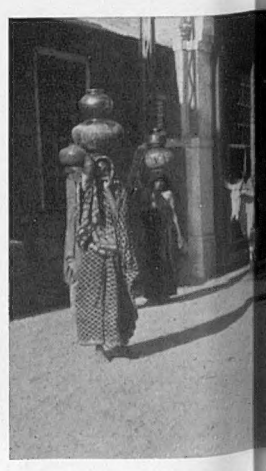
Silence again, broken this time by more ominous sounds. Shouts, a scream, confused noises, running feet. One more shout, slamming doors.

Whistles. Around the corner comes an armed police patrol. They trot to the next gully where the disturbance is. A prostrate form lies face downward on the left of the street, with a red patch below. Dead. Stabbed through the heart, then brutally slit. His offence? He had the wrong religion—an isolated Muslim moving through the Hindu quarter for some reason. Perhaps his attackers, of whom there is now no trace, had lost relatives in the same way in some Muslim quarter. Revenge. And so the blood vendetta goes on, more ruthless and uncontrolled than the blood feuds beyond the frontier, fanned by mob passion.

A comforting sight comes round the corner. An armoured car from Poona. Designed and intended for the battlefield, it looks curiously out of place here, unless one could imagine these littered bazaars to be a beseiged city—a flight of fancy which is strengthened presently by a lorry load of British troops, with fixed bayonets, moving along to take up picket duty somewhere. There are thousands of troops out, Indian and British, including detachments brought into Bombay from outside. The A.F.I. (Auxiliary Force, India) have been "embodied," and all sorts of students, railwaymen, clerks, business men, have donned khaki for the time being. The Royal Bombay Yacht Club, Bombay Gymkhana, and other club lawns are spotted with tired-looking British club members who are now Light Horse troopers, corporals, or members of the L.M.P. The L.M.P. is the Light Motor Patrol, consisting of private cars with Lewis guns mounted by the windscreen, etc., for the purpose of patrolling. It can be imagined the mobility of this unit made it a most useful body in the bazaars.

Fierce Street Fighting

Although the stabbing cases such as the one described were frequent, and many paid the price in this way, the majority of the casualties occurred in fierce street fighting. There are areas of Bombay where the inhabitants are 95 per cent. Muslim, and other localities where 95 per cent. are Hindus. But there is no clear demarcation between Muslim Bombay and Hindu Bombay. Mostly the two religionists live side by side. In these circumstances clashes are inevitable when communal passions are fanned by news of outrages by one side or the other.



The sacred animals of India a rumour of one's being hurt

BOMBAY

a Bombay Correspondent Sphere"

passions have been let loose the roll of dead and injured list of a battle—except that the unidentified, and their names the total reached four figures, "Red Whitsuntide" of this year many, about 150, but the wounded the city hospitals. This word-unal riots at close quarters

O

A small group of Hindus gathers to discuss the situation. One of them has lost a brother, a father, or a son. Others come up to tell their experiences. Grievances are freely aired. The neighbouring hospital is full of their co-religionists. (The majority of the riot casualties were among Hindus).

The crowd grows. A group of Muslims comes along. Hard words are exchanged. Sticks are brandished. Stones are thrown. With electrical rapidity the affair develops into a fierce fight in which all sorts of weapons are brought into use. The relations of those engaged in the fight drop soda-water bottles from the windows above. A soda-water bottle dropped from a fifth-storey tenement can be a very deadly weapon. When it misses its target and hits the ground it bursts with a loud report.

Along come the police or the troops. Wordy warnings are not very effective on these occasions. A magistrate decides that it is essential to open fire to clear away the combatants; every minute delay may mean several more lives lost. One or two rounds are fired by picked people and, in the case of a smaller riot, this may have the desired effect, and the rioters disperse in different directions. The ambulances are summoned to take away the injured; the dead are taken to the mortuary which at times resembles a shambles.

A Funeral Procession

A Muslim who had been found knifed in a gulley is taken in procession by his friends to the cemetery. At the outset it is quite a small affair, accompanied by a handful of Pathans. As it goes along the procession swells to the size of a regiment. The baggy-trousered Pathans and their inseparable sticks look truculent enough. A Pathan with a grievance is a dangerous man anyhow, and when the grievance is a dead body he believes only in the theory of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

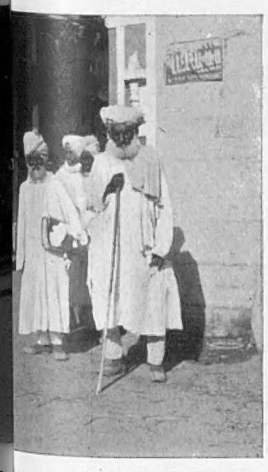
The Police Commissioner is advised of the peril by 'phone. The police intelligence system is spread wide in all sorts of unlikely places, and is very efficient. Soon a party of police strengthened by troops accompanies the procession, which is told to go by a certain route. But this does not stop trouble. A Hindu crowd gathers. It moves along with the procession, and swells to ominous proportions. There is some fighting, but the police action has prevented loss of life.

There are occasions when troops and police have been hemmed in between the opposing parties in the bazaars, receiving the brickbats intended for the enemy. Sometimes they have to fight their way out of a *sauve qui peut* situation.

Mosques and temples are dangerous spots. An enraged mob of misled people hears rumours about a temple having been desecrated, of a cow having been stabbed. The mob surrounds the mosque. They try and burn it. Individually, none of them desires to do any such thing. In ordinary times they respect each other's religion, living side by side quietly, often in friendly fashion. Afterwards they will be as sorry as a pack of repentant school-children. For the moment they are blinded by mob hate. Mob psychology is a curious thing, and the riots provided ample opportunity for its study.

Conciliation Committees

Into the turmoil of the city comes a red motor 'bus, escorted by a few L.M.P. armed private cars. Peering from the windows are the members, Hindu, Muslim, Christian, Parsi, of the Bombay Conciliation Committee. They are seeing things for themselves in order to suggest methods for removing the ill-feeling—an Herculean task which engaged some of Bombay's best brains. Into the more narrow gulleys where vendetta lurks they cannot go, nor can any vehicle. But they tour on through the mill area, where the unsmoking chimneys tell of idle looms and millhands out in thousands roaming the streets. The rioting spread to this area at the close of "Red Week."



e productive of riot—even precipitate bloodshed

And in the better residential areas of Bombay there is little to show that a mile away blood is flowing along the sewers. Educated and enlightened Hindus and Muslims, the cultured minority, do not quarrel. Many live as very friendly neighbours. The riots are, of course, confined to the lower classes. That is the trouble about Bombay—as with India as a whole; there is no backbone of middle classes to stop this sort of thing.

"There is a foul collection of litter everywhere, for the conservancy *bandobast* no longer works." This is the type of scene usual after a riot

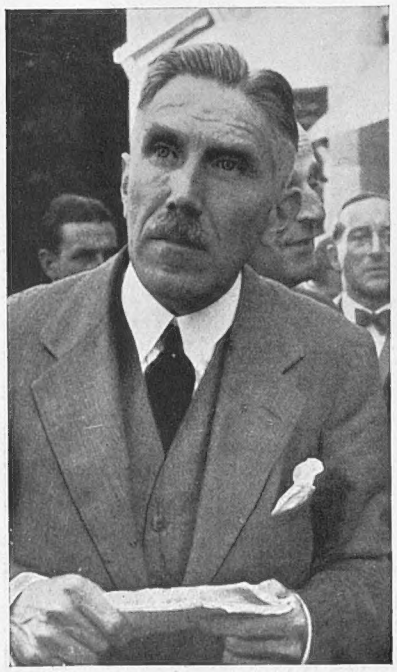
"A comforting sight comes round the corner. An armoured car from Poona." The only Pax in the Hindu-Muslim maelstrom that is Bombay is the *Pax Britannica* and that must be maintained with bayonets

Aftermath of an outburst of religious feeling is seen here. A trunk-merchant's shop has been looted and his wares smashed and piled in the roadway. An unsuccessful attempt was made to set them afire

PERSONALITIES of the PASSING HOUR

SCOUTING SUPERSTITION: Mr. Harry Price, Hon. Director of the National Laboratory of Psychical Research, and Fräulein Urta Bohn, the daughter of a German scientist, in a magic triangle on the Brocken in the Hartz Mountains, re-enact the old fifteenth-century practice of black magic with pentacle and goat to disprove the superstitions of the local peasants

"THE COUNTRY OF SAINTS": Many of the front doors of Dublin —some of them architectural gems of a former aristocratic quarter— are being decorated with devotional arrangements in honour of the Eucharistic Congress, now in full swing



HERR VON PAPEN, whose speech at Lausanne staggered the delegates, for in accent and gesture it might have been that of a classical French orator

A FRANCO-ITALIAN VICTORY: MM. Somner and Chinetti, driving a French-owned Alfa Romeo, won the 24-hour race at Le Mans. Only 9 finished out of 26, Britain placed third with a Talbot. M. Somner is seen being toasted

PRELATES FROM AFAR: The Archbishop Ivanos of Bethany (in turbaned headdress) and Bishop Alexander Kottayam of India, two of the Eastern ecclesiastical authorities now visiting Dublin for the Eucharistic Congress which has been held during the current week

MISS RUTH CHATTERTON, who is staying in London as the guest of Miss Auriol Lee, caught by the camera as she gets into a taxi with Mr. John van Druten

REHEARSAL: Miss Margaret Whigham being made up by Miss Camilla Horn and *(left)* Mise Jeanne Stourton at the cocktail party, a film of which will be shown at the "Come and be Filmed" Dinner next month

THE GODFATHER: Sir James Barrie, O.M., is a godfather to the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Priestley, who was christened Thomas Holland at St. Michael's, Highgate. Sir James is seen carefully carrying the baby from the church. (Mrs. Priestley *on right*)

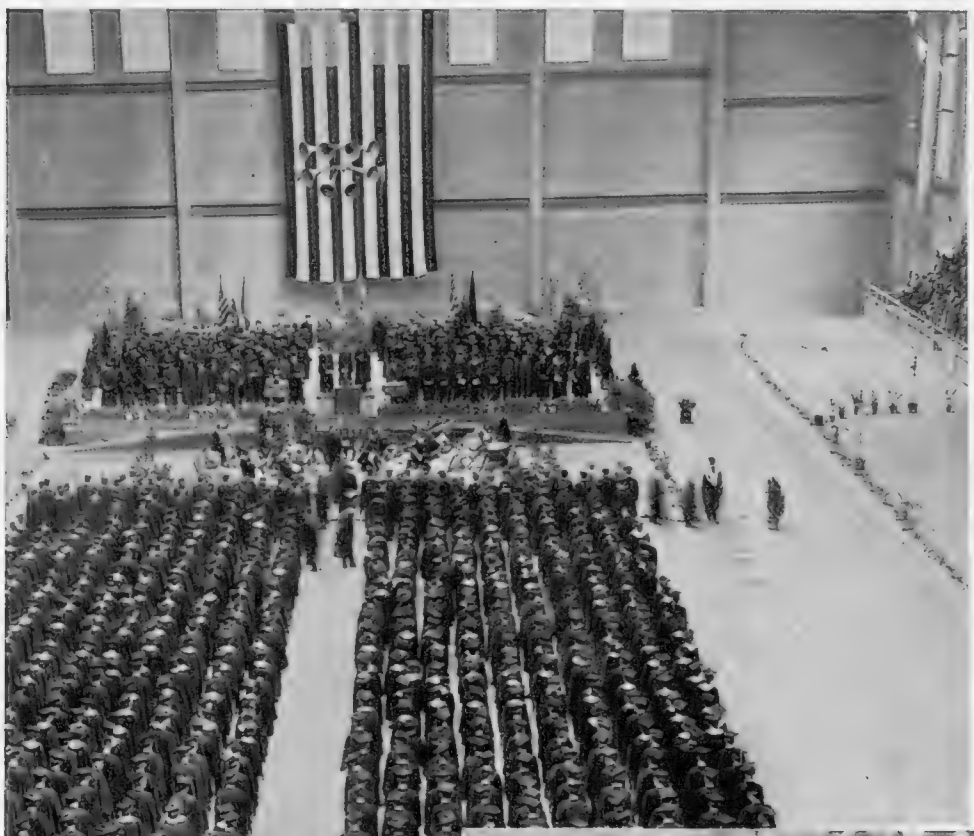
WORLD RECORD: Percy Holmes and Herbert Sutcliffe of Yorkshire, who flogged the Essex bowling to establish yet another figure in Wisden—555 for I. The record of 554 was broken only after argument and the recording of a "lost" no-ball

ANGLO-GERMAN: The Royal Aeronautical Society Garden Party at Hanworth numbered among the guests Major Baron von Schleiche *(left)*, a famous "ace" who had expressed a wish to meet his "chivalrous foes," notably Lieut. Reece *(centre)*, whom he brought down in 1918. *(Right)* is Baron von Richthofen

The SPHERE Surveys the WORLD

THE INVASION OF WASHINGTON by the ex-Service men who marched to the capital to urge that the Bonus Bill should be passed—it was passed by the House of Representatives last week—occasioned the building of field kitchens to victual them

AT THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL OF MONTMARTRE M. Poulbot, the distinguished artist, played a barrel organ and sold pencils for the benefit of the cause



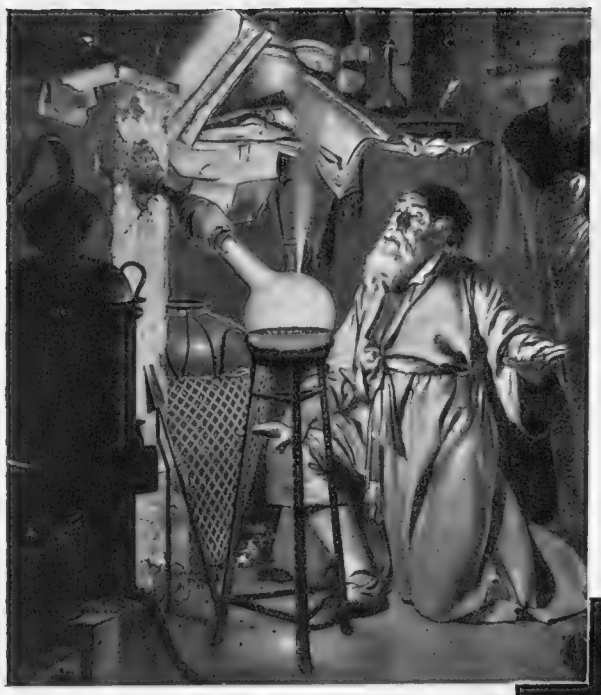
A BATTALION OF DOCTORS: 1,206 men and women students of Washington University receiving their Doctor's degree. Note the loud speaker

QUESTION AND ANSWER: Mayor James S. Walker questioned by Judge Seabury during the Hofstadter Commission investigating the graft charges brought against Tammany in New York

General Balbo *Ismet Pasha (Turkey)* *King Victor Emmanuel* *Signor Mussolini* *ex-King Amanullah*

NOTABLES OF THREE COUNTRIES watched the opening air pageant held to inaugurate the five-day Conference of Transoceanic Airmen in Rome which was attended by aeronauts from all over the world

THIS CHEMICAL AG



"THE ALCHEMIST" ceaselessly seeking to transform base metal to gold by a mixture of incorrect science and magic, is the true sire of the modern physico-chemist who creates a synthetic substance at will, as fragile as gossamer or stronger than chrome steel

I am not at all sure that the best title for this article would not be "This Synthetic Age." Everything is becoming synthetic nowadays, whether it is beauty, food, or furniture. The expert who knows more about the commercial exploitation of plastics, as they are called, than anybody else in the world assured me solemnly this week that in time to come metals are as assuredly doomed to take second place as flint was superseded by metals.

"There will always be a use found for them," he said indulgently, "just as flints are used for road-repair work and automatic lighters. They will also continue to be useful for machine guns and motor-car radiators and condenser tubes, and other articles where you need heat transference. This includes the actual manufacture of the moulds from which this synthetic mass production will emanate. But just as the craftsman of the future will be the man who makes the tools for the manufacture of these plastics, so metals will disappear more and more from the man-in-the-street's daily contact with life.

"The trouble with metals is that they are not inert. They require too much attention. They corrode, they rust, they have an affinity for misbehaving. Not so with plastics. They are bad conductors of heat. They remain impervious to damp.

"They can be made so as to have the characteristics of almost any metal or stone you like to name. No wonder that their production has increased by 1,000 per cent. in the past three years. The average person has no idea how synthetic his life is becoming. And that means that it is getting brighter, cleaner, cheaper, and easier. You can have synthetic cradles and synthetic coffins.

"Between the two, speaking at random, there are golf clubs, door knobs, fenders, buttons, buckles, bath taps, tiles, telephones, strap-hangers, ash trays, gramophone records, switches, plugs, pendants, switch covers, bell pushes, lamp brackets, shades, loud speaker cases, cabinets, terminals, transformer cases, coil formers, bobbins, indicators, accumulator cases, earphone caps, scent bottle tops, tooth paste caps, cigarette holders, pipe stems, cigarette boxes, tobacco jars, cups and saucers, plates, basins, jugs, toast racks, salt and pepper pourers, egg cups, beakers, liqueur sets, hors d'œuvre sets, calendars, fountain pens, and pencils. I could reel off dozens of others."

He took a deep breath and then went on: "The commodities known as plastics are, in general terms, materials which are processed at some time during their manufacture in the plastic state. Certain branches of the industry are of old standing, such as the manufacture of celluloid, which dates back to 1864, and the production of casein materials began in 1897. More recently, the range of the industry has been increased by the introduction of a large number of new materials such as synthetic resins of various types and cellulose derivatives. Whereas the older branches, which had earlier passed through the stage of rapid growth, have continued to operate at a high level of development, the later branches have, within recent years, developed to an extraordinary degree. The older and the newer branches are to be regarded rather as complementary than as competitive, and the whole forms a definite industry, the products of which find application in almost every other industry carried on in the country.

"As an indication of the importance to which the plastics industry has attained, I may say that the value of its products in 1931 was estimated at £10,000,000.

"The activities of the industry may be outlined broadly as follows:—

(a) The production of semi-manufactured products, and *(b)* The conversion of these into finished goods."

It will be seen that this quiet penetration into the territory formerly occupied by metal, stone, and wood, is reaching extraordinary proportions, and is automatically creating unemployment as well as employment. But that is the way of the world. Until the aniline dye was invented about six million people were employed in growing indigo. Now they are most of them out of a job. When steamships first came in, the jute industry was immensely flourishing. When sails went out—well, look at it now. Nitrates used to be dug out of the ground in Chile. Then a clever chemist found how he could utilize the air. Look at Chile now.

The growth of a new industry must always injure some of the existing ones unless there is an enormous increase in the population. At the present minute natural rubber is so devastatingly cheap that it is not worth while making a world-push with a synthetic substitute. One day it will be. It is, too, still uneconomic to make oil from coal. But wait a few years. Look at the railways and compare their takings with those in the days when the internal combustion engine had not been invented and there was no lorry traffic.

It is all the same old story. You have to move with the times. The only reason why aeroplanes will not take the place of lorries is that their very nature limits them economically. They have to support their freights in the air as well as tow them. Look, again, at artificial silk and then wonder what has happened to the manufacture of lisle thread and woollen stockings. No, you cannot put the clock back in industry.

It is one of the paradoxes of civilization that the immense increase in our comfort and cleanliness created by the alarming development of plastics is almost entirely a result of the War. For, during the War, natural resources started to fail, and the research chemists had to busy themselves on the discovery of substitutes. They inspected every kind of waste product and found their Eldorado in coal tar, thus producing the basis of all plastics.

Manufacturers are trying to discover every day some new method of employing plastics. For plastics can be constructed with various bases, or let us say binding materials, to suit practically every need. In one day this expert whom I have quoted was asked his advice as to the best plastic for making artificial dentures, steering wheels, bedstead ends, and perambulator bodies. One of the chief sufferers already is enamel. For enamel chips and plastics do not. Pottery is also going to be hit hard. As for furniture, you can simulate mahogany or any other wood you like.

Clever people in the know amuse themselves in guessing what the ultimate end of it all will be. It seems that we may reach a stage where nothing is real compared with the old standards. But in the meantime the standard of living will have been raised so high, and the domestic problem so alleviated, that nobody is likely to mind. Besides, there is no reason why plastics should not be artistic. It is a new medium and one which lends itself admirably to the designer. The trouble is that the very nature of its manufacture (by moulding) means that everything will be standardized. When I pointed this out to the expert he had to agree, but he added that there would be any number of combinations in the component parts of chairs, for example, and that there would be no reason why any pair of neighbours should have the same combination. It sounds like a jig-saw puzzle. Oh, and before I forget it, we are soon going to have synthetic typewriters which will reduce both the noise and the cost. For plastics, one must repeat, can be used for any purpose. They can be as flexible as a pocket-handkerchief and tough enough to withstand the pressure of a ton per square inch.

THE AGE OF IRON AND STEEL, which has held sway for centuries, has reached its apex, and its potential rapid decline is indicated by the phenomenal rise of synthetic substances known by the generic name of plastics

I have before me a copy of *Chemistry, Life and Civilization*, just written by Mr. Hubert Britton, a Doctor of Science of London University, with a formidable string of other distinctions after his name. It is a sign of the times that so many efforts are being made to acquaint the public with the meaning and scope of chemistry. Many of us only apply the word "chemical" in our minds to chemical warfare and think of it in terms purely of agriculture when using it in the plural. We are beginning, of course, to realize that a chemist is no longer an old man with a long white beard and bowls of coloured liquid in his old-fashioned windows. But on the whole we are inclined to take modern chemistry too much for granted, sniggering, however, at efforts to split the atom, just as much as our ancestors did at the attempts to discover the mysterious substance known as the Philosopher's stone which would transmute base metals into gold and silver.

One thing is certain. Chemistry has made human life much more unsafe, and, as Mr. Britton says, "Every effort must be made to ensure that civilization is indeed advancing in the hope that chemistry will not be prostituted into the service of Armageddon. Many a subject, which a few years ago was merely one of scientific interest, is now the basis of a new chemical industry.

"With his improved analytical methods the chemist is guarding the health of humanity," Mr. Britton continues. "Food adulterants and impurities and the poisons employed by the criminal are often easily detected. Improved methods of water purification, cooking, lighting, and sanitation are the outcome of the increasing adoption of scientific methods. Diseases which formerly were propagated by impure water, are rapidly disappearing, so are also others to which the human body is heir. Chemistry is having a marked effect on the feeding of man in devising methods for the wholesale production of fertilizers. It has had a marked influence on the modern means of housing, transport, and of entertainment, and in the production and economic use of fuel of all kinds.

"Life itself has always been a subject of much speculation. As a result of chemical researches we are beginning to catch glimpses of many of the processes that are associated with life. Nutrition is being better understood. This knowledge should be reflected in

THE ELECTRIC BATTERY JUBILEE: Employees of the with the making of the first storage battery, at work

E: The Rise of Plastics by 1,000 per cent. in Three Years Threatens the Reign of the Age of Metal

By CHARLES GRAVES

the health and physique of the rising and future generations.

"Yes, we are living in a period of chemical evolution. Industries that were originally developed on haphazard lines are being handed over to chemical control in order that they may face present-day competition. Soon the financier, who focuses his interest on the salesman for his profits, will be compelled to give increasing attention to the chemist."

I had never met a research chemist until I met the most highly paid one in the country last week. He is an extraordinary man who quotes Bacon and is as volatile as sal volatile. The best method of reproducing our conversation is to repeat the apothegms which I jotted down as he dashed them off. Here you are: All good chemists are temperamental.

The machine of life is merciless. There are plenty of young fellows who can clear the recognized hurdles in this business, but real flair is hard to find.

I am always being asked for jobs. A mother who is going to have a baby in two months' time asked me to-day if I could give her child a job when he grows up—if he is a boy.

I am in the wilderness like a goat. Everyone wants a job. The golden ladder to success in chemistry is on the executive side, just as it is in the Army.

Thousands of young men secure the ordinary qualifications for making organic chemistry their career, but I would not put most of them in charge of a squad of ducks. Science wants men.

All research is strained for money. There ought to be protection for men with ideas. They should be paid just to think. Others could work out their experiments.

If a chemist is really keen on his job he does not reach the highest rung. The best thing to do, therefore, is to humour him.

To-day there are far too many young men passing too many examinations. Four years ago we could not get them quick enough. To-day we cannot get them slow enough. Such is the brutal mechanism of life.

The motto of English research is originality. We are not parasites.

The best money-making idea for a chemist to invent would be an injection to make women ten years younger and more glamorous. It would be worth £50,000,000 a year to its discoverer.

In time to come we will certainly give boys an injection for stimulating their brains when sitting for an examination. In a few more years we will be able to do anything we like. Huxley's ideas in *Brave New World* are utterly wrong.

We cannot prolong life indefinitely, but we have every hope of making it bright to the end.

One of these days someone will discover a new prime mover. The steam turbine will come back, and the Diesel will go out except for aeroplanes and omnibuses. Then the gas-turbine will come along and put the Diesel engine out of business. The gas-turbine has greater efficiency, and what steam engineers call sweetness.

Nobody has ever taken speed seriously. If anyone did he would build a tube, evacuate it, and send a car along inside it at 600 miles an hour, say from London to Edinburgh. Of course it would be very expensive.

With all speed records the difficulty is air resistance. It takes up half your horse power even in a motor-boat. My evacuated tube would have three rails, and the railway carriage inside would have rubber wheels. We shall soon have them on all railway trains.

Flying is a straight job—homogeneous—not land-water or air-earth. Air speed in the Schneider Trophy Race will be limited only by the turning movement of the pilot's heart. When these lads have to "black out" as they call it, that is terrible. Those sharp turns on the course must tear their vitals sideways. A turn at 600 m.p.h. would certainly kill me. They ought to have the contest flown in a straight line. Then speed would only be limited by too great heat.

If I had my way I would put speed in terms of sound. Everyone knows that sound travels at the rate of 1,100 ft. a second. My idea is to make that speed = 100 and then base other measurements of speed on that.

The future lies very largely in bio-chemistry. One day we will know what vitamines and hormones are about. At the moment we are only scratching the back of medicine. Not long ago a scientist in Edinburgh gave a hen an injection and made it crow like a cock.

In a hundred years we will be able to stop children from growing up rickety. There will be no need to sterilize the unfit. It is all a question of dieting.

What our grandfathers called good food really *was* good food.

The average general practitioner is a priest holding people's hands who, when he gets into a hole, sends for the specialist. Of course, priests are good people.

Emotional starvation is very evident nowadays.

THE LARDER AND THE LABORATORY are becoming rapidly more and more interchangeable in their relation to the diet of the world—another example of the standardized, scientific synthesis that is pervading the whole of modern life

SYNTHETIC MUSIC is one of the many examples of the modern trend towards the standardization that bids fair to transform the earth. Gramophone records themselves exhibit in their material a common form of plastics

Electric Power Storage Company whose foundation synchronised [illegible] lead protection respirators at the Dagenham Docks works

The Trooping of the Colour is good for everyone. The picturesque side of life is most important.

I want to design a new smart uniform for the Army. Its chief feature would be two lightning fasteners inside the tunic. On parade they would be up. When fighting the men would let them out and be happy.

The chemical industry hems in life on every side from explosives to paints. There is not a day in which the average man is not in contact with chemicals every hour.

He is aroused by an alarm clock, the steel of which was chemically treated. He puts on clothes all of which have had chemical treatment. Even his kippers are coloured by chemicals. He goes to his job by omnibus or train or tram, the paint on which is chemical. His meat has been chilled. His beer has been "gassed." His tobacco has been irradiated. The film he goes to see at night is of celluloid.

Chemistry and physics are so mixed up that it is hard to tell them apart. But nearly all our amusements depend on chemistry. Our women companions depend on chemistry for their make-up. The lighting at theatres and the colouring are chemical. Cricket stumps are painted yellow, which means chemicals. The rubber for the bladder of a football is conditioned chemically. Greyhound racing with its electric hare needs chemistry to work. The colours of the jockey in horse-racing are of chemical origin.

Broadly speaking, what we need for prosperity in Great Britain is a proper balance between agriculture and chemistry. England has the best grass land pastures in the world. We ought to breed far more cattle if the ground was treated properly. If our agriculture was run properly we ought to be able to export canned goods—green peas, Aylesbury duck, and beef.

One of the most intelligent inventions of recent years is the lowering of the centre of gravity in baby carriages. They were always in danger of tipping over before. Another good invention was the lightning fastener.

We have a terribly long way to go in our discoveries about heating. In Amsterdam they have electric boilers which start work at midnight and go on until 7 a.m. at a very low cost. Amsterdam is the most modern electrical city in the world.

Perhaps the best invention of all, on second thoughts, is the wireless valve.

One of the things I should like to do would be to turn up the tails of omnibuses, just as they do with ambulances and hound vans. Think of all the petrol fumes it would save us from breathing. Police regulations obstruct the way.

In Sweden they are growing wheat almost up to the Arctic Circle. In Holland they can feed twice as many cows as they did on the same ground before. The Dutch use nine times more chemicals per acre than we do.

The best war weapon is undoubtedly the new fourteen millimetre machine gun which has a range of five miles and can be used against tanks. There is a new battery with which the Navy is experimenting. It does not give off sulphuric acid, and would be invaluable for submarines.

It may relieve you to know, as far as chemical warfare is concerned, that no one has yet discovered anything more effective than mustard gas. But they are still trying.

One of the most important discoveries that could be made would be a device whereby grass could be preserved in its fresh state and thus save us from importing foreign cattle cake.

Ewing Galloway

THE TRAFFIC COP: A pine box serves as a stand for a constable at Addis Ababa. Though traffic is light, the drivers of the few cars need a deal of direction

THE KING IN GOLDEN FETTERS: Lij Yasu, grandson of Menelik, deposed from the throne he had disgraced, has yet a strong following in Ethiopia

Ewing Galloway

A RAS OF ABYSSINIA: The term "Ras" is applied to the ruler of an area and is comparable to a baron of feudal times, although to be styled Ras implies actual royalty. The situation in Abyssinia to-day is analogous to that in Afghanistan a few years ago—a die-hard element rallying to the ex-King Lij Yasu, who was enabled to escape by the now arrested Ras Hailu. European Powers are watching the situation keenly. The "crisis" was precipitated by an attack by a Government soldier on a French railway employee and a consequent strike tying up the communications of the country

Ewing Galloway

REPLACING THE MULE, the motor car has become the State conveyance for the Rases of Abyssinia. The vehicles are striped and are driven at walking pace to enable the foot-guards, traditional when the Ras used to ride, to march beside the car

"GOLDEN FETTERS"

Revolt in Abyssinia

It would seem that the pessimists who predicted early revolt in Abyssinia were correct. When, eighteen months ago, I stood amidst a brilliant diplomatic assembly that included the Duke of Gloucester watching Ras Tafari being crowned Haile Selassie I of Abyssinia, I also heard whispers that this slight, unimpressive figure seated on the throne might experience the fate of Amanullah of Afghanistan.

Ras Tafari had modernized Abyssinia apace. Machine-guns, motor-cars, the ex-Emperor of Austria's coach and horses, even busbies of lions' manes have been introduced to a country that was still in the medieval stages.

In Addis Ababa, warriors armed with spears and mounted on mules gazed askance at a steam-roller that thundered lumps of stone into the semblance of a road. That steam-roller personified civilization. The mules shied at it, and I suspect that many of the warriors did.

The other day news filtered through of revolt. The leader of this revolt is said to be Ras Hailu, King of the Abyssinian province of Gojam. I stood a few paces away from him at the coronation of Ras Tafari. I was told that he was the strongest and most determined die-hard in the country. Dark, cynical eyes, a dyed beard, and clothed in a black burnous, he gave the impression that all the fierce stories told of him—his castles in the mountains, the precipice that divided his stronghold from the rest of Abyssinia, and the mighty warriors at his command—were all true.

But why should Ras Hailu foment rebellion? It is said that the old man of the mountains, although he once visited Paris in company with Ras Tafari, has no use for the modernization of Abyssinia. Yet I discovered that this King with the dyed beard and cynical eyes had gone one step further in the modernization of the country than even Ras Tafari. He had financed a dubious night-club two miles outside Addis Ababa, and given it an English name—"Robinson's." I spent an evening at "Robinson's," drank some excellent champagne, and danced with a very correct Armenian lady. And Ras Hailu himself sat there in his black burnous, surely the strangest night-club proprietor in the whole world.

But it is Ras Hailu who has prepared the escape of that mysterious prisoner of Abyssinia, the King of the Golden Fetters. It is officially stated that Ras Hailu has been smuggling arms out of Addis Ababa in response to a letter from the escaped King. And the opportunity was taken to arrest Ras Hailu before he reached the safety of his stronghold in the mountains. Perhaps the real reason for Ras Hailu's help to the rebels lies in the fact that he is the father-in-law of the King of the Golden Fetters. This mysterious prisoner who has now escaped is Lij Yasu, grandson of the famous Menelik.

When the great Emperor Menelik died, the news of this dreadful catastrophe was kept from the outlying districts of Abyssinia. There are natives who still believe that Menelik rules. On his deathbed he nominated his grandson, Lij Yasu, a boy of fifteen, as the future Emperor of Abyssinia. And Lij Yasu immediately assumed the crown, married the daughter of Ras Hailu, and began a rule that lasted until the Great War swept Europe.

One is told that it was six years' reign of debauchery. Certainly Lij Yasu had his vices, but that rather endeared him to his people than otherwise. It was only when he began to coquet with Islam and challenge the old established Christian church of Abyssinia that his reign abruptly terminated. The Abuna, or head bishop of Abyssinia, excommunicated him and absolved all nobles from their oath of allegiance. And when someone circulated a photograph of Lij Yasu wearing the turban of a Muhammadan, the end of his rule was certain. Later it was suspected that this picture contained more art than photography, being perpetrated by an Armenian photographer who was well paid.

But Lij Yasu during his six years' reign had also made many enemies outside Abyssinia. He revealed pro-German sympathies when the Great War broke out. Certain it is that he had been in touch with the Mad Mullah of British Somaliland and lent him aid. He had also ravaged part of British Sudan. German adventurers also tried to persuade Lij Yasu to march at the head of his army into East Africa and help General Von Lettow-Vorbeck against General Smuts. But before this could happen, Lij Yasu's aunt, Zauditu, helped by the young Ras Tafari, attacked him, routed his forces, and made the King a prisoner.

(Continued on p. 532)

News from EUROPEAN MOUNTAINS

BEFORE THE LANDSLIP—The Peak of the Ankogel (10,600 feet), which dominates the Austrian resort of Badgastein and its neighbourhood, crumbled away in a terrific avalanche which filled the valley to the height of 160 feet

AND AFTER: The totally new formation of the Ankogel, now deprived of the greater portion of its glacier after the land-slip that obliterated this finely sculptured peak

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE was enjoyed by the Waidmannsheil inn in the valley. The Ankogel avalanche merely touched its side

A few days ago the peak of the Ankogel (9,786 feet) which dominated the whole Badgastein region, and which was a favourite among climbers, suddenly changed its characteristic contours. It "broke down" owing to great fluctuations of temperature. The whole rock formation, together with its huge glacier, slipped down the valley with an indescribable detonation and formed an avalanche consisting of glacier, rocks, snow, and trees. When this reached the valley it piled up to a height of some 150 feet. As after an earthquake, millions of tons of debris filled the valley to a length of 2,400–3,000 feet, including blocks of stone of a size of 60–90 feet each. It seems that the mountain, when slipping, became a hot, glowing mass as the whole new territory is now covered with a heterogeneous carpet of stony structure mixed with ice. The so-called Ankogel–Muranen-gutter shows trenches, some of which are 45 feet deep. Fortunately the great land-slip entailed no casualties

ALPINE PHOTOGRAPHY: One of the most remarkable aerial photographic feats has just been accomplished during a flying holiday to Switzerland by Mr. Alan J. Butler (above), Chairman of the De Havilland Moth Company, accompanied by his wife in a D.H. Moth. He obtained wonderful pictures of the summits of the great giants of the range—the Aletschhorn is on the left, the Jungfrau on the right—the first ever obtained on a 'plane of such small dimensions at such a height

THE GORILLA of the BE

THE GORILLA'S FACE: In the adult gorilla the face is far less human than is that of the infant gorilla. For ages the gorilla has been following a line of specialization tending ever to increase the differences between him and man

The Columbia University-American Museum Expedition to Africa was sent out from the department of anatomy of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University and from the department of comparative anatomy of the American Museum of Natural History to secure entire, well-preserved adult gorillas and other African primates for anatomical study. The expedition was under the leadership of Mr. Raven and included Dr. William K. Gregory of Columbia University and the American Museum, Dr. J. H. McGregor of Columbia, and Dr. E. T. Engle of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Two adult gorillas were obtained in the Kivu, and the party proceeded down the Congo to West Africa, where three more adult gorillas and three adult chimpanzees were secured and embalmed in the French Cameroons.

The present range of the mountain gorilla is in the highlands of the Eastern Belgian Congo and the Kivu volcanoes. Our camp in this country was west of the southern end of Lake Kivu at an altitude of 6,700 ft. on the slope and facing eastward over the cultivated country toward the lake. On a clear day we could see the hazy outline of the mountains on the far side, and on one occasion I could even see the volcanoes north of the lake. The forest began just behind our tents. This was the mountain forest, with rather low trees interspersed among a mass of succulent vegetation which was from 6 to 15 ft. high. Many of the trees on the highest slopes were covered with moss.

As soon as our camp was established I made daily excursions in the forest, accompanied by two or three natives whom I obtained in the neighbourhood. We found traces of gorillas, elephants, harnessed antelope, duikers, wild pigs, and buffalo, but we did not get close to any of the gorillas. The natives were not good hunters, and when we came upon signs indicating where gorillas had been feeding or walking they were unable to say whether these signs were fresh or a few days old. Finally, I managed to get some Batwa pygmies, professional hunters, to help me. It was delightful to go into the forest with these little people who understood the forest, whose home it was.

One morning when I had started out with a couple of Bantu natives, two pygmies joined us and told us that gorillas had been feeding in a valley not far away. I accompanied them down the steep slope for nearly half a mile and up another ridge. The pygmies travelled much more quickly than the Bantu hunters I had had, and soon I was tired out. At the end of the steep climb of a half hour I had to sit down and catch my breath. Then we went on, up and down steep slopes, through the thickest kind of tangled vegetation, and finally came upon the trail of some gorillas, which we followed for perhaps a mile. Then we saw vegetation that had been trampled, stalks of wild celery that had been broken off and pulled through the teeth of the animals so that all the green bark and leaves were stripped off and eaten, while the perfectly white inner part, looking like a peeled willow switch, was dropped on the ground. After an examination of these switches the pygmies turned to me and declared that gorillas were near, that this food had been eaten only a few moments before.

We proceeded very cautiously, one pygmy going before me with a peculiar combination sickle and hatchet, quietly cutting away the vegetation so that we could follow. We had gone along a densely-covered ridge for, perhaps, 100 yards, when we heard a slight movement of the vegetation. On the advice of the natives, I took the rifle from the boy behind me and went ahead more cautiously than ever. Suddenly and without the slightest warning there was the most terrific combination of scream and roar, stamping and thrashing of underbrush, as a gorilla rushed at us. The dense undergrowth was from 10 to 15 ft. high. In order to get through we had been crouching down, often going on our hands and knees. I was crouching when the gorilla began to rush, but in order to raise the rifle in his direction I had to back up against a thick mass of vines and weeds. The gorilla came with incredible speed until he was, perhaps, 30 or 40 ft. from us, when he suddenly stopped and was silent. The vegetation was so thick we could not see more than 10 ft. in that particular direction. We hesitated a moment, then I motioned the hunter before me to part the vines quietly and go forward. I followed, holding the rifle ready to fire. We came to the spot where the gorilla had stopped, but he was not there. He had turned about, retraced his steps a short distance, then taken a new course, and disappeared all without making a sound. By this time he was probably some distance away. We followed along the trail as quickly as we could, first up along the ridge, then down the side of a steep ravine, until I was dripping with perspiration.

As suddenly as before, the gorilla rushed at us and stopped and, precisely as we had done the first time, we followed. On the brow of a ridge we came upon a very fine bed where this or another gorilla had slept the night before. It was about 3 ft. in diameter, and was made of bamboo leaves. I would have stopped to photograph this had we not been in such hot pursuit.

That gorilla made seven similar rushes before he went down a very steep hill, across a small stream and over another hill nearly 1,000 ft. high. The pygmies then gave up and turned back, saying, "There is no use following him; he has gone too far."

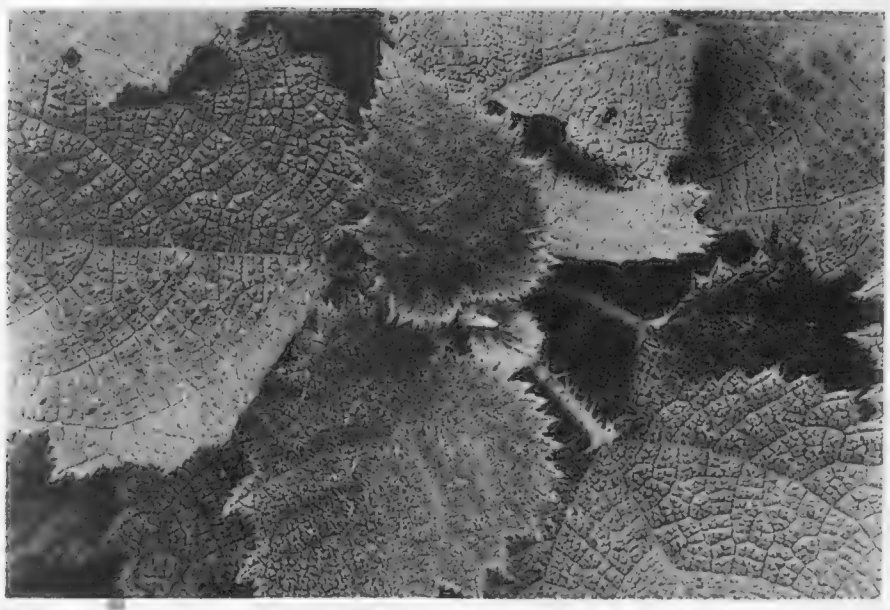
Another day we had come upon the trail of a band of gorillas among some bamboos perhaps three miles from camp. We followed them for a long way until about 11 a.m. when we came upon the place where they had slept the night before. In an area twenty yards across there were nine beds, all on the ground on the steep hillside. It was easy to see how they had made their nests. The gorilla simply sits down among the dense foliage and with his long arms grabs a small sapling, pulls it down, twists it under him, sits on it, and reaches for another. If it breaks off, he takes the piece, arranges it around him and continues to pull off and twist around until he has made a nice nest or bed. Sometimes they undoubtedly walk a few yards to get the material for a bed, but as a rule, where the foliage is so dense, they simply sit down and pull the material about them.

After carefully examining the sleeping quarters we followed on, dividing into three groups as the gorillas seemed to have done, but we had much difficulty in trailing them because elephants had been trampling all about.

Not more than a half-mile farther on we could look across a little valley. On the opposite side a boy had seen the vegetation move and he was sure gorillas were there. We watched closely, and finally with the binoculars I could see a black arm reaching

A GREAT GORILLA: He was photographed where he dense tangle of sticks and vines about him. This large embalmed, his weight being greater than the

THE SIDE AND BACK OF THE GORILLA: This picture well illustrates the arrangement of the hair, which on the upper part of the head is directed backward, on the sides of the face forward, on the upper arm downward, on the forearm upward. The hair is shortest in the adult males on the back; the chest of adults of both sexes is devoid of all hair



THE POISONOUS KIVU FOREST NETTLE: The slightest touch of it against one's bare arm or leg causes intense pain and itching, sometimes followed by a rash lasting several days

LGIAN CONGO: A Record of a Recent Expedition to Kivu

By H. C. RAVEN

up to pull down the bushes; we stole quietly down into the valley and then worked around so that we could come up-wind toward the feeding gorillas. We had first sighted these gorillas about noon, but it was 2 p.m. when we approached them. There were several, perhaps nine, as we had seen nine nests. They were quiet except for an occasional short grunt, indicating, I believe, that they were feeding quietly or perhaps telling their whereabouts to others of the group. They had moved slightly from where we first saw them and now were in low forest, the trees of which were fairly buried by lianas, many of whose stems were six inches in diameter. Underneath was a

fell, but much time was first spent in clearing away the male weighed 460 pounds (212 kilograms) after being combined weights of the three men in the picture

tangle of stems of thick undergrowth, so that in some places we could not be sure, on account of the irregularity of the terrain, whether we were looking at the ground or into the trees. There were many fresh signs of gorillas and we could see the place where one had sat down to eat. We felt the earth and found it warm; the animal had been there just a few seconds before. We were now right among them, and could hear them in three directions. Then I caught a glimpse of one in a tree, perhaps 30 ft. from the ground.

I had with me a 30-30-calibre Savage rifle and also a 22-calibre rifle, the cartridges of which were less than an inch in length. In these tiny 22-calibre bullets I had drilled a hole and put in a small dose of highly poisonous potassium cyanide. If this actively poisonous substance could be introduced into the gorilla, whether his hand or head or body, he would drop dead within a few seconds. However, it was a question whether the heat generated in the bullet would not disintegrate the cyanide so that its poisonous action would be lost.

Using the 22-calibre rifle, I fired at the arm of the gorilla in the tree. Immediately there was a bark, screams, and wild commotion through the vegetation as the gorillas rushed away. We rushed after them and found a few drops of blood from the one that had been hit. This one we carefully stalked. None charged or rushed at us; they were apparently thoroughly frightened. We followed cautiously until about 5 p.m., when we had to give up in order to find our way to a trail before dark.

It was evident that the cyanide had not worked on the animal, but the question arose as to whether it probably would die before morning. Early next morning, therefore, we took up the trail again and followed all day. The gorillas had gone on feeding, including the one that had been hit. He was apparently none the worse for the wound, which of course was not bleeding on the second day. Probably that wound did not do as much harm as a bite from one of his friends, received in play, or a stab from a broken branch.

As soon as it was dawn we were up, and shortly afterwards set out to hunt. Most of the men remained in camp, but four pygmies accompanied me. We first climbed up the mountain through a mass of cold, wet bracken, then descended into a ravine through virgin forest, so dark that it seemed like twilight. After about a half-hour of walking, very difficult on account of the steep and slippery ground, we came upon gorilla tracks and saw the remains of chewed-up stems. The forest had been so cold and wet that it was impossible to tell whether the material had been chewed that morning or the day before. We followed on, however, and soon found tracks that had not been dripped on from the branches above. Farther on we saw signs that we knew were not more than a half-hour old. About an hour from the time we began to follow the trail we were passing diagonally down a steep slope toward a tiny stream. Across the ravine 60 or 70 yards away, we saw the vegetation move and we caught glimpses of an animal between the branches. Then we must have been seen or heard, for there was a sudden short bark. We followed across the stream and up the steep slope, climbing with difficulty where the gorillas could pass with ease. It was much more difficult for me with shoes than for the bare-footed, strong-toed, unclad natives, and still easier for gorillas with powerful bodies, short legs, and long arms. Man's long legs are suited to the erect posture and not well adapted for going through underbrush, where he must be doubled up much of the time.

HANDS OF MAN AND GORILLA COMPARED: The hand of the gorilla resembles that of man more closely than does that of any other living animal. Unlike monkeys, the gorilla does not apply the palm of the hand or the inner surface of the fingers to the ground when walking, but uses the outer surface of the second joint of each finger. In the gorilla, the chimpanzee, and most men the skin on the outer surface of this second joint is devoid of hair, whereas in monkeys there is hair

We were now getting close to the gorillas; we knew there was not a large troop, perhaps only three or four, but there was one big male among them, as we knew from the tremendous power in the bark he had given. The pygmies were nervous, saying that he would rush at us. We had gone less than 300 yards from the stream and were still going through dense underbrush when suddenly the rush materialized with a terrific roar and shriek. The pygmy that was crouched down ahead of me, cutting the vegetation, sprang back and raised his spear, while I stood ready to fire. But, like the other gorilla, this one stopped short and did not come into sight, although there seemed to be more ferocity in this animal. We continued on the trail, and in a short time he rushed at us again. This time he was directly at our left, not ahead of us. Here the forest was a little more open and we could see perhaps 10 or 15 yards, but still he did not come within sight though we could see the vegetation move.

Finally we started up the slope. One pygmy went ahead of me, holding in one hand his spear and in the other his little sickle. He passed beneath a fallen tree and I had just stooped under this tree when the gorilla, closer than at any time before, gave a terrific roar. I was afraid I was going to be caught under the tree, but I managed to step forward and raise myself. As I did so, I could see the great bulk of the gorilla above me and coming straight at me. I fired at his head as I might have fired at a bird on the wing. The impact of the bullet knocked him down and I wheeled to the pygmies yelling at them not to throw their spears. I feared they would spoil my specimen. But they in turn shouted to me, "Shoot! shoot!" The gorilla was not dead. When I looked around he was standing up like a man; it was plain to see he was stunned. I fired again and he dropped lifeless exactly 15 ft. away.

This animal was the most magnificent I had ever seen, weighing 460 pounds after being embalmed. He was black and silver-grey, a powerful, courageous creature, determined to drive off intruders from his domain. Upon closer examination I found this giant primate as clean as could be. The long, shaggy hair on his head and arms was as if it had been combed only five minutes before. The silver-grey hair on his back was short and rather stiff.

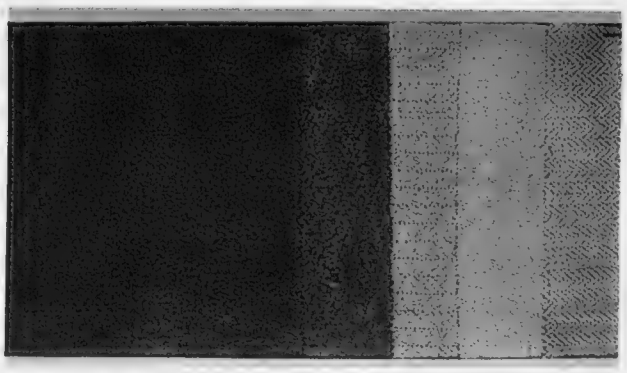
THE GORILLA'S PROFILE: The adult male gorilla has a mass of fibrous tissue on the top of his head. Over this the hair stands erect, forming a top-knot. Huge shoulders and back muscles hide the neck. The contours of these parts are further obscured by rather long dark hair. The nose is broad and flat and lacks a bridge. The supra-orbital ridges of the adult male are more prominent than in the female

THE NETTLE OF THE KIVU FOREST IN THE MASS: After being stung, the affected part would be painful when bathed with cold water, even after a fortnight or more

A "BEARDED" CLEAN-SHAVEN MAN: This camera study shows apparently a bearded face—a phenomenon due to the hair beneath the skin reflecting infra-red light

ORDINARY PLATE INFRA-RED PLATE

The Mongoloid characteristics of this negro's face are sharply defined on the infra-red plate. It has not been ascertained if the negro is of pure extraction. By courtesy of Research Departments, Ilford, Ltd.



A SET OF EIGHT BLACK SUIT MATERIALS: On account of the different dyes used, these behave differently in their reflective power for infra-red light—those reflecting it strongly proving suitable for summer wear

PANCHROMATIC PLATE

INFRA-RED PLATE

This pair of pictures shows the same scene in a London Park on a foggy morning. Both pictures were given the exposure calculated to produce the best results. The increase in clarity obtained by the use of the infra-red apparatus has to be seen to be believed

TAKEN 331.2 MILES AWAY! This picture is reproduced from a snapshot of Mount Shasta, California, which has just been received in this country. The original is the world's record long-range photograph of a terrestrial subject. Mount Shasta was too far away to be seen with the naked eye, and the camera was pointed by compass bearing

INFRA-RED PHOTOGRAPHY

If we split a narrow beam of light, as Sir Isaac Newton did, into its component parts by means of a prism, we obtain the well-known spectrum which, like the rainbow, ranges from violet at one end to deep red at the other. This is all that the eye can see—but beyond the violet is ultra-violet and beyond the red, infra-red, both invisible, but both as capable as visible light of acting on suitably sensitized photographic material.

Of late years the discovery of a new dye in the Ilford Research Laboratories has made it possible to prepare photographic plates many times more sensitive to the infra-red than has been done previously, thus making practicable uses of this material which up till now had a theoretical interest only.

First let us take long-distance photography and haze elimination. It is well known that the moisture vapour normally present in the air scatters light, scatters red light less than blue light, and infra-red light less still. Dust has the same effect. If, therefore, we employ infra-red sensitive plates in conjunction with a lens-filter passing infra-red light only, we shall be able to penetrate haze much farther, and long distance photography with a telephoto lens—or preferably a long focus anastigmat lens—becomes comparatively easy.

When it comes to photography in the dark, it is possible to take photographs in a room illuminated by means of infra-red light with high-power lamps and suitable filters, and though the room is strongly lit with infra-red light, it is practically dark to the eye. In this case, of course, no filter is used with the lens.

Some objects, such as foliage, dyed materials, etc., behave quite differently when illuminated by ordinary light and by infra-red light. Foliage, for instance, reflects the infra-red strongly and hence appears dark on the negative and white on the print, so that trees, plants, and fields, when photographed in full sunlight, appear as if covered with snow. This affords a valuable means of investigation by which natural or artificial differences between materials can be ascertained.

Work on racial differentiation, investigation into spiritualistic phenomena, aerial photography, tissue penetration, etc., is in progress in various quarters. In such cases we can make use of the infra-red component of daylight and employ an infra-red filter with the lens, but exposures can be much shortened if we illuminate the subjects by half-watt light which is much richer in infra-red than daylight.

In astronomical photography, spectroscopy and other branches of science, infra-red sensitive material is already a useful tool, and no doubt in time many other applications will be found.

The bottom picture on this page was taken by a member of the United States Air Force working in conjunction with the Kodak Research Laboratories at a height of 23,000 ft. from a position eight miles east of Salinas, California, and 331.2 miles from Mount Shasta, The usual range of visibility in high altitude photography in this neighbourhood is not more than fifty miles. The film used is sensitized with a dye technically known as Krypto-cyanine, and is hypersensitized. It is not only sensitive to the very darkest visible red, but also highly sensitive to infra-red rays. The exposure was made in one-fifth of a second at aperture f. 5 with a lens of 500 mm. focal length fitted in a special survey camera.

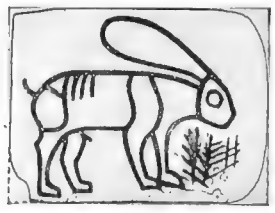
SIND EMERGING

"But Sind is not India."

After five months spent wholly in Sind, I had owned to finding India not quite what the average Westerner expects. There were no elephants, no gorgeous durbars, no tigers, and I had seen one snake—a small one pronounced quite harmless.

Nor is Sind India in many senses. Geographically, historically, and in general culture, this remote region stands alone. In many respects Sind more closely resembles Egypt than she does the India of which the fiction-writer has to tell. A ribbon of green on either bank of the lower Indus meandering through an immense plain of fine and mostly very fertile alluvial soil, she is cut off from the world on either hand by desert regions. Like Egypt, too, this great river valley has its annual inundations when the melting snows of far-off mountains swell the river on which the life of the countryside depends. The better-known India away across the wide and almost untracked Thar Desert to Rajputana is very remote from Sind. Until the coming of the aeroplane it was only to be reached by well-nigh a whole day's journey by train to Lahore or via Jodhpur to Central India, unless you travelled by boat to Bombay.

Within the period of written history Sind has at all times maintained a certain independence. Even when for a time she was nominally under the sway of the Caliphs of Bagdad or the Moghul rulers of Delhi, it was but the semblance of political subjection. Only after the conquest and annexation of the lower Indus valley by Sir Charles Napier in 1843 was she, more for convenience sake than for any other reason, attached to the Bombay Presidency.



A copper tablet from Mohenjo-daro showing a hare

Events are moving fast in Sind, of which, not a decade since, but few people ever heard or spoke. It is only seven short years ago that the discovery of India's oldest known civilization within the borders of Sind was announced—and no mean civilization was it that built great cities of burnt brick houses in accordance with town-planning regulations, and that traded with the wealthy cities of Sumer some five thousand years ago. Mohenjo-daro, three miles west of the Indus in middle Sind (a double page of which appears overleaf), proclaims this remote region to have been in the forefront of India's ancient cultures. Little wonder that the name that the Greeks gave to the valley of the Indus from the Sanskrit, Sindhu, river, eventually became, with the softening of the S to H, and the dropping of the final letter, the name for the whole of India!

A large number of illiterate peasants have visited the museum that stands beside the ruins of the ancient city. Though it is difficult to reach, nearly every school within a hundred miles or so, and various societies from even farther away, have visited the site of Sind's former glory.

Not only has Sind acquired a glorious past within the last few years. With the opening by the Viceroy, on January 13, of the Lloyd Barrage and canals—the world's largest irrigation scheme—at Sukkur, vistas are opened up of a great and prosperous future. At present, some 2,000,000 acres only are under cultivation in the province. And they are laboriously watered in this land of little rainfall, partly by small, unregulated irrigation channels dependent on the river's summer floods, partly by means of creaking Persian water-wheels turned by blindfold cattle, which lift water from wide, shallow wells in earthen pots tied on to ropes of palm-fibre or jungle grass.

The Persian water-wheel will be displaced in hundreds when the seven great canals from Sukkur, most of them wider than the Suez Canal, distribute water along their 800 miles to over 5,000 miles of branch canals. Some 3,500,000 extra acres of the alluvial soil of Sind and the neighbouring Khairpur State will thereby be brought into cultivation. And not many countries can boast of more than doubling their cultivable area, whether by conquest or political marriage alliance, as this little-known region of India is about to do by one of the greatest engineering feats of modern times.

A copper tablet from Mohenjo-daro showing a rhinoceros

Already the face of the countryside, as I have intimately known it during the last five years, is changing. For all that time the canals have slowly been stretching like long tentacles across the immense, flat, scrub-covered plains of the lower Indus valley, dotted only here and there with patches of paddy-field and corn-land. More than forty giant, drag-line excavators, which have been worked at night by searchlight during the intense heat of the summer months, have been prominent through onward shifting landmarks. And beside them other methods of excavation, more in character with the primal nature of this country have had their place. For here and there, especially in the smaller canal beds, the earth has been dug and loaded by Pathan labour imported from more strenuous regions to the North, into panniers on hundreds of small donkeys. And in the next section of the canal

(Continued on p. 532)

PRIMITIVE DEVICES: A fluted tree trunk drawn by bulls is used to break up the clods of Indus silt after ploughing. The Lloyd Barrage at Sukkur is largely responsible for the emergence of Sind once more into public notice. The Sukkur irrigation scheme increases the alluvial soil of Sind and Khairpur State by 3½ million acres

THE LLOYD BARRAGE: This picture was taken when the gigantic dam was in course of construction. In its final form it is a mile long and is formed of sixty-six cream stone arches together spanning the mighty Indus. Other arches flank it upon each bank—those of the head, regulators of the seven great canals, some of which eclipse Suez in width

OBSOLESCENT: The primitive wooden plough will of necessity be replaced by machinery of more efficient type when the Sukkur Barrage scheme brings 3½ million more acres under cultivation. The only form of draught is that of bulls, most of which are lean, scraggy, and miserable looking, although wiry beasts

HEAD-REGULATORS of two of the seven great canals which take off from the Indus above the Lloyd Barrage at Sukkur. This picture is taken from the Barrage itself. From the seven great canals a series of subsidiary canals radiates away all over the area. No fewer than 5,000 miles of branch canals have been dug

ANCIENT AND MODERN methods side by side—a vignette typical of all work in India and pre-eminently of that on the Sukkur scheme. The primitive method of shifting earth—by pannier on donkey back—contrasts vividly with the modern devices used by the European contractors

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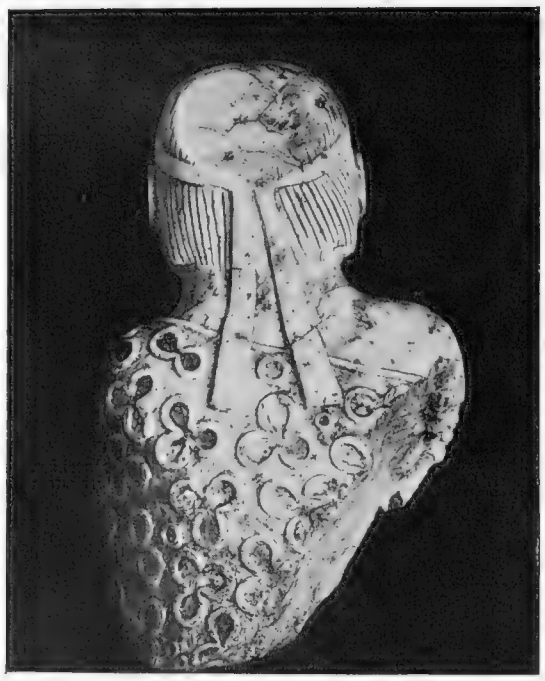
EARLIEST INDIA

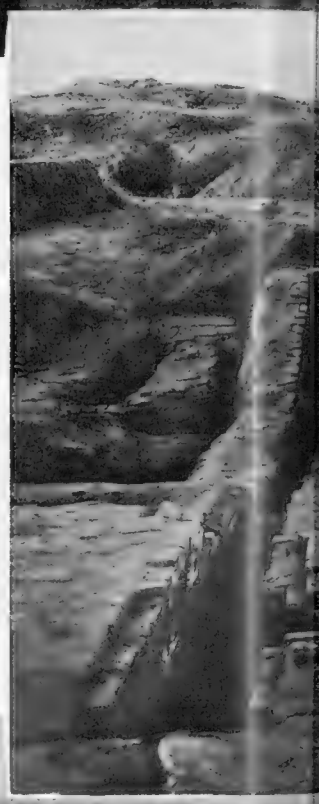


BACK OF THE HEAD OF A MOHENJO-DARO CITIZEN showing how the hair was drawn back and tied with a fillet. Sindian sculpture has a *vraisemblance* and a realism usually associated with the Hellenistic age

THE BUDDHIST STUPA that dominates the pre-Buddhistic city recently excavated. It is clear that the city was built on the gridiron plan, the streets being oriented north-south and east-west

THE SUPERB MODELLING of the human form is a feature of Sindian plastic art. This torso is of fine red stone not found at Harappa

THE HUMPED BULL and the short-horn bull are dominant motifs in the animal art of the area. These animals as well as the sheep, pig, dog, elephant, and camel were, it is conjectured with confidence, domestic beasts in the 4,000-year-old civilization of Sind



OVERLAPPING STYLE shown in a culvert

FIRST STREET—one of the invariably straight main streets in the excavated centre of Sindian culture

One of the most superb productions in the world of books and one of the most stimulating and revealing records in the world of archæology is published in three large volumes by Arthur Frobsthain—"Mohenjo-daro and the Indus Civilization"—an official account of the excavations carried out by the Government of India between 1922 and 1927. It is edited by Sir John Marshall, C.I.E., late Director-General of Archæology in India. These excerpts from the preface tell of the wonderful discovery which pushes back the history of Indian civilization to the third and fourth millennia before Christ.

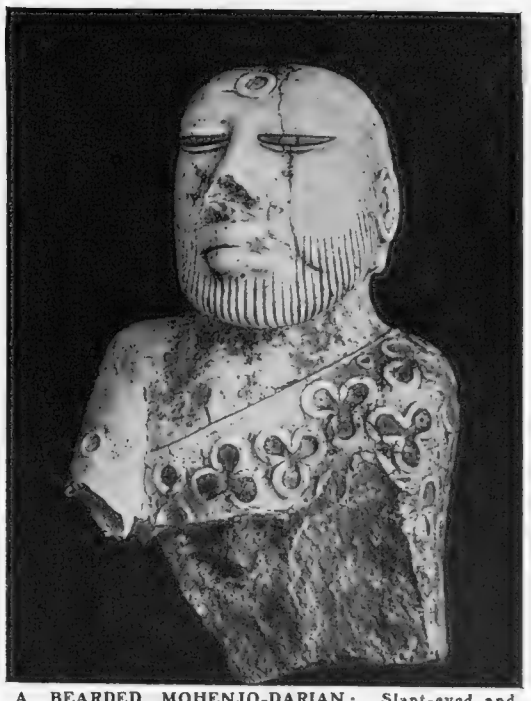
Hitherto it has commonly been supposed that the pre-Aryan peoples of India were on an altogether lower plane of civilization than their Aryan conquerors; that to the latter they were much what the Helots were to the Spartans, or the Slavs to their Byzantine over-lords—a race so servile and degraded, that they were commonly known as Dasas or slaves. The picture of them gleaned from the Hymns of the Rigveda was that of black-skinned, flat-nosed barbarians, as different from the fair Aryans in physical aspect as they were in speech and religion, though at the same time it was evident that they must have been rich in cattle, good fighters, and possessed of many forts.

Mentally, physically, socially, and religiously their inferiority to their conquerors was taken for granted, and little or no credit was given them for the achievements of Indian civilization. Never for a moment was it imagined that five thousand years ago, before ever the Aryans were heard of, the Panjab and Sind, if not other parts of India as well, were enjoying an advanced and singularly uniform civilization of their own, closely akin but in some respects even superior to that of contemporary Mesopotamia and Egypt. Yet this is what the discoveries at Mohenjo-daro have now placed beyond question.

Their society is organized in cities; their wealth derived mainly from agriculture and trade, which appears to have extended far and wide in all directions. They cultivate wheat and barley as well as the date palm. They have domesticated the humped zebu,

REVEALED at MOHENJO-DARO

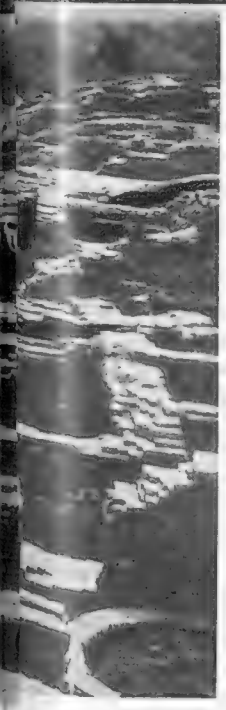
SEALS OF MOHENJO-DARO: The short-horned bull was very popular as a device in Mohenjo-daro; the head usually expresses anger, a manger appears below the head



A BEARDED MOHENJO-DARIAN: Slant-eyed and with shaven upper lip he is wearing a decorated shawl passing under the right arm. There were probably many other types of dress in this populous city

THE GREAT TANK: In view of conditions even in the modern Orient, it must inevitably come as a surprise that every house in Mohenjo-daro has a bathing establishment attached. This particular tank is greater both in size and elaboration than those of the ordinary houses

A DELICATE FIGURINE (4 in. high) revealing at once the cunning artistry of the creator and the negroid quality of the model. Note the coiffure



Mohenjo-daro

THE PAINTED POTTERY had red and black designs

THE MASSIVE MASONRY of Sindian architecture is clearly seen in this house wall

Illustrations by courtesy of Mr. Arthur Probsthain

buffalo, and short-horned bull, besides the sheep, pig, dog, elephant, and camel; but the cat and probably the horse are unknown to them. For transport they have wheeled vehicles to which oxen doubtless were yoked. They are skilful metal workers with a plentiful supply of gold, silver, and copper. Lead, too, and tin are in use, but the latter only as an alloy in the making of bronze. With spinning and weaving they are thoroughly conversant. Their weapons of war and of the chase are the bow and arrow, spear axe, dagger, and mace. The sword they have not yet evolved; nor is there any evidence of defensive body armour.

Their domestic vessels are commonly of earthenware turned on the wheel and not infrequently painted with encaustic designs; more rarely they are of copper, bronze or silver. The ornaments of the rich are made of the precious metals or of copper, sometimes overlaid with gold, of faience, ivory, carnelian, and other stones; for the poor, they are usually of shell or terra-cotta. Figurines and toys, for which there is a wide vogue, are of terra-cotta, and shell and faience are freely used, as they are in Sumer and the West generally, not only for personal ornaments but for inlay work and other purposes. With the invention of writing the Indus peoples are also familiar, and employ for this purpose a form of script which, though peculiar to India, is evidently analogous to other contemporary scripts of Western Asia and the Nearer East . . . The use of cotton for textiles was exclusively restricted at this period to India and was not extended to the Western world until two or three thousand years later Again, there is nothing that we know of in prehistoric Egypt or Mesopotamia or anywhere else in Western Asia to compare with the well-built baths and commodious houses of the citizens of Mohenjo-daro. In those countries, much money and thought were lavished on the building of magnificent temples for the gods and on the palaces and tombs of kings, but the rest of the people seemingly had to content themselves with insignificant dwellings of mud. In the Indus Valley, the picture is reversed and the finest structures are those erected for the convenience of the citizens.

EXTRAVAGANC
ASCO

THE STRAW BOATER crowned this somewhat brief *ensemble*. Three-quarter-length gloves, the fashionable puffed short sleeve, and the caped coat are seen

SAILOR-STYLE: One of the most novel of Ascot fashions, seen on the first day, was this boater on which the name *Rosemary* was printed

THE "INNUENDO" HAT which enables the wearer to speak—or look—privately even in public!

THE NOSE-LENGTH VEIL, worn with a boater, surmounted the lace frock with accordion-pleated *godets* which swirl round the ankles, worn by the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Edmund Bevan

DIAGONAL STRIPES characterized the frock worn by Miss S. O'Halloran—a *toilette* crowned with a boater worn not on the side but almost level. The ribbon to the hat recalls, in straight lines, the slanting pattern of the frock

THE LACE HAT with a velvet *ruche* above a white frock and a fox tie was the feature of Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton's First-Day-of-Ascot *ensemble*

THE VICTORIAN NOTE was struck in no uncertain fashion by Miss Olga Jacoby, whose spotted muslin buck-muff and gloves harmonized in period with her poke bonnet and square-cut neck

E of FASHION
T, 1932

BLACK AND WHITE: Mrs. Woolley-Hart wore a black frock with a short one-button puffed coatee with tight bottoms to the puffed sleeves, one button and a sash. The hat was in the modish swathed style

NET formed the basis of the hat as well as the whole of the veil in this *chic* mode consisting of a canted wreath of white flowers

BOWS were the dominant note in this costume. A black-spotted veil and black gloves harmonized with the black hat-ribbon. A necklace of heavy globes completes the effect

THE CAMOUFLAGE HAT—a wide-brimmed creation, turned down unusually low in front—was worn by Miss Winifred Padget on the first day of the Royal Race Meeting

THE HOUR-GLASS FIGURE is suggested by this frock with its wedged-shaped lines. The hat is worn well over the right ear and is held on with silver braid

THE WIDE, WAVED BRIM of Miss Auriol Harbord's hat slants opposite to the line of her frock

SUMMER AND WINTER blend in this *chic toilette* in white crêpe worn with a black crêpe coatee with a cape collar. The ensemble is surmounted by a wide hat in white crêpe. Open-work gloves and a heavy fur add a touch of *bizarrerie*

THE PLAYS

The Hippodrome Produces Fantastic Panto Savoy: A Saville Success: Non-

By PHILIP

MISS AUDREY POINTING who, in the rôle of Beth Churchill and a creation of black sequins, adds considerably to the atmosphere of *Out of the Bottle*—the Julian Wylie pantomime at the Hippodrome based on Anstey's fantasy

MISS FRANCES DAY in the part of Molly Harper in *Out of the Bottle*—the musical comedy version of *The Brass Bottle* now running at the Hippodrome. Miss Day scores in comedy as she does in cabaret

Out of the Bottle, by Julian Wylie, has come a healthy foal—to give the Hippodrome the language of the *concours hippique*. The above has most decidedly arrived. I know that the author of this musical piece as we find it is Mr. Fred Thompson, and that the play as *he* found it was by that rare humorist, Mr. F. Anstey. But I cannot but regard Mr. Wylie as its true sire, for his trade mark is every moment apparent.

Mr. Wylie is a specialist in pantomimes—even in June. What could be more pantomimic than this story of the mighty Eastern spirit who, released from narrow captivity, showered awkward gifts on his unconscious benefactor? It is only *Aladdin* with a twist, and *Aladdin*, treated in the right way, is the proper fare for the Hippodrome, summer or winter. A night with the Wylie and Anstey is as rollicking and as healthy a business as a day with the York and Ainsty, and about as subtle, though much less dangerous. It is not a masterpiece of wit, and the effects are, like the humour, broad. In the surroundings that is necessary, and the main point is that Mr. Wylie knows what Hippodrome audiences like, and how to give it them.

From the moment Mr. Cecil Humphreys, green and hairy, emerged from a sofa things started to happen; Mr. Clifford Mollison, as a penniless painter who had pulled the stopper out of the brass bottle when it was standing near the sofa, is promptly offered clients by the score. They arrive in the form of a female chorus who say that they will give 200 guineas for a portrait and then wave their arms about so that a shaft of limelight catches the sequins on their black gloves—and there is vast applause. Clever Mr. Wylie, who knows that one has only to produce a fresh lighting effect such as this, or to get the chorus to pretend to be waves of the sea, or a piston-rod of an engine or something—no matter what, provided it is done together and in strict time—that appeals to the eye and to nothing else, and the battle is half won. Mr. Wylie's scenic effects are so good that one day I should like to see him try his hand with grand opera and show us his idea of Siegfried's dragon in the Ride of the Valkyries. *Out of the Bottle* leads me to think that whatever he did at Covent Garden would be a "wow."

Amid indescribable din—the brassy fanfare announcing the doings of the grateful magician is still ringing in my ears—the artist entertains his friends in a flat transformed into a mixture of Bagdad and the Brighton Pavilion. Even his ducal butler (all really impecunious artists employ ducal butlers) suffered an Oriental change into something rich and strange. I considered it infinitely more bizarre and magical that the most English of professors, played by Mr. Sebastian Smith, who is unquestionably an Englishman, should have two ultra American daughters than that he should, practically *coram populo*, have been, like Bottom, "translated"—in his case into a kicking mule. The announcement of a search for a typical English girl as leading lady having resulted in the selection of Miss Polly Walker, who is American to the *n*th degree, with every syllable she utters through her pretty nose, nothing that occurs in this piece can be regarded as a surprise.

Indeed, if Mr. Wylie, accompanied by the immaculate Mr. Frank Boor and all the board of directors of the Moss Empires had sat on a magic carpet and sailed away through the roof of the Hippodrome, dropping emeralds as big as potatoes into the laps of the dramatic critics, I should have been both impressed and grateful, but not a bit startled.

Mr. Mollison and Mr. Arthur Riscoe (who rivals Mr. George Jackley in the strength of his lungs) managed to keep some sort of pace with a noise and a speed sufficient to send the Benefactor back to his sofa. A semi-nude blonde, the female in the firm of Berenoff and Charlot, is the best acrobatic dancer I have ever seen. Miss Frances Day, also a blonde, flung herself at a West-End audience in much the same spirit that Mr. Vincent Crummles did *at* the London manager. She deserved the hit she made, but it would have been even greater had the energy been a little less obvious. Miss Walker, on the other hand, was too subdued and seemed rather out of things. A supremely efficient show is *Out of the Bottle*, with every evidence of being also a successful one.

Some interesting ballet programmes are still being given at the Savoy Theatre. But the Camargo Society, who from their title obviously have the art of the dance uppermost in their minds, seem to be running the risk of allowing dancing to become a secondary consideration compared with music. Not

THE CAMARGO BALLET: A group from is invented by Geoffrey Keynes to dignified if arid music. The choreo- once formal and modern. The entire Dolin) seen above lying

Sasha

IN BLACK AND WHITE: Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry (Olivia) and Mr. Godfrey Kenton (Sebastian) in the effective Sydney Carroll production of *Twelfth Night* perhaps Shakespeare's most charming comedy, at the New Theatre

THE DOMINANCE OF SATAN: M. Anton *ensemble* in *Job*, the Blake-Keynes Camargo Society

of the WEEK

mime: The Camargo Disappoints at the Stop Horror at the Duke of York's

PAGE

that the actual dancing of the company, which is of a very high standard, is at fault. But the choreography of some of the new ballets is lamentably weak. Not all Sir Thomas Beecham's own genius in dealing with the genius of Handel and securing some exquisite playing from the orchestra, nor the brilliantly graceful work of Mr. Anton Dolin, could make "The Origin of Design" other than rather a poor thing; and "Rio Grande" was several degrees lower than that. Mr. Constant Lambert's music is so full of colour and vitality—this is one of the modern works which should become a classic—that if it had to be made into a ballet it should have been given worthy treatment. Surely it means more (the glamorous Sitwell poem that it accompanies certainly means more) than a few twirlings and posturings of sailors and courtesans. And Mme. Lopokova's contribution to both ballets was singularly disappointing.

It seems that the Saville Theatre is settling down to a fixed policy of farces with a little music, just as some years ago the Aldwych Theatre settled down to farces with no music at all and is still flourishing. So much the better.

I have no desire to see those honest and hard-working folk, chorus girls and chorus men (for 90 per cent. of them merit that description), out of a job. But I have long found the maddening imbecility of the platoon drill forced upon them the chief obstacle to my enjoyment of musical comedy. So any musical comedy without a chorus starts, as far as I am concerned, with several marks in its favour. But *Tell her the Truth*, like its predecessor, has many positive virtues as well. It is founded on an amusing farce which it does not spoil. Even a few songs — and here they are very few—can hamper the action of a farce, which must always be played at express speed, the eye being fixed on the development of the story with the concentration of a racing motorist. Fortunately, the musical numbers of *Tell her the Truth* are first-rate, and except that the first act is a trifle sticky, the speed is middling to quite good.

Pollard Crowther
Job, based on Blake's vision. The ballet which Vaughan Williams has written graphy and the décor are alike and at ballet is dominated by Satan (M. Anton on the steps in the centre

Pollard Crowther
Dolin towers over an exquisitely grouped Vaughan Williams production of the at the Savoy

A BRILLIANT DEBUT: Mr. Charles Mayhew who has replaced Signor Autori as the alternate Casanova at the Coliseum with Mr. Arthur Fear. This is Mr. Mayhew's first professional engagement—an unusual triumph

FRAULEIN SOFFI SCHONNING, the charming German singer, who plays the rôle of Laura, the heroine, in the spectacular phantasmagoria of *Casanova* at the Coliseum with Charell production and three revolving stages

The original hero of this piece which concerns a man who for a bet has to speak the exact truth for twenty-four hours was Mr. A. E. Matthews, whose air of careless and detached elegance was the best possible substitute for the humorous pathos of the late Weedon Grossmith or James Welch, for which the part screams. One cannot, however, blame Mr. Bobby Howes for continuing that vein of schoolboy lovableness which a vast public finds so acceptable and he so profitable. He is a good actor, but is inclined to over-burlesque in the musical numbers, except, of course, when he is being sentimental. In this piece, however, romance is in the background, partly, perhaps, because the young lady with whom Mr. Howes was supposed to be in love was unable to establish any personality, romantic or otherwise.

Miss Polly Luce and a dancing companion added a Hollywood touch and Miss Henrietta Watson was quietly acidulated as a much-deceived wife. But this is a man's play. Mr. Alfred Drayton, playing as usual a rather offensive middle-aged cad and winning laughs innumerable by sheer technique, dominated the whole play. Mr. Peter Haddon, with a poor part, put in some clever work, and a brilliant character sketch came from Mr. Wylie Watson. Mr. Jack Waller I congratulate on the skill of his musical burlesques. One of these, which led from Handelian oratorio via Verdi to modern ballads (the introduction of *My Land* was a master-stroke), made the last act a joyous business and sent people home in rare good humour.

OLIVIA AND FESTE: Mr. John Laurie and Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry (one of the finest of English Shakespearean actresses) in *Twelfth Night* at the New Theatre. All the costumes in this production are in designs of black and white by Mr. Gower Parks

If non-stop nonsense is the vogue, why not non-stop horror? The present policy at the Duke of York's is horror piled on horror's head in the sense that the enthusiast who is also an economist can buy a seat at this theatre for a very reasonable price and, should he conceive a violent liking for a scene involving, say, a man on the way to the scaffold or a girl having an eye-gouging act can sit tight or sit sober and see it all over again for the same money.

This last I saw some years ago at Josê Levy's Grand Guignol at the Little Theatre; so far from being willing to see it all over again free, I would gladly pay the price of a box at any theatre to avoid it. This dodging I was, however, able to do without charge by the simple process of walking out when the curtain rose and waiting in St. Martin's Lane on an exceptionally fine night until something to do with mere murder was due.

(Continued on p. 532)

SIR JOHN MARSHALL has edited the very fine volumes entitled *Mohenjo-daro and the Indus Civilization*, which form the official account of the archæological excavations recently carried out by the Government of India and published by Mr. Arthur Probsthain. As shown on other pages in this issue, the discoveries there made are revolutionary in character

Hoppe

MR. H. V. MORTON, whose latest volume of travel, *In Search of Wales*, is published by Methuen

Mr. DENNIS GWYNNE, whose *Life of John Redmond* is published by Harrap

MR. MAX PLANCK, the originator of the Quantum Theory, whose new book, *Where is Science Going?* will be published by Allan and Unwin

MR. MAX WILD, the author of *On the Russian Front*, one of the most remarkable books on the War ever published. It emanates from Geoffrey Bles

MISS BARBARA CARTLAND, whose *A Virgin in Mayfair* has just been published by Hutchinson's. In private life, this novelist and journalist is Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale, a notable figure in society. She is seen above with her daughter Raine

BOOKS:

A Superb Travel Book: An Admirable Import: Criticism-cum-unconscious Autobiography: Two Good Farces and One Fine French Book

By CECIL ROBERTS

What a joy a good book can be! Here is one of the best travel books that I have ever read. It is by Mrs. Elinor Mordaunt and is called *Purely for Pleasure* (Secker. 8s. 6d.). The title fits the feeling of the reader as much as the motive that set Mrs. Mordaunt wandering across the earth. And this book, in enlisting and holding my attention, has had the severest competition that any book can suffer. For I have read it in a garden where June in all its sun-smitten glory offers a thousand distractions. My peony that has crawled out from under the cypress tree in order to show its massive crimson head has twisted into a position in which it can look the sun in the face, and I feel tempted to get out of my deep garden chair and move aside a shadowing branch that will alleviate the tortuous effort. And the blue delphiniums are sagging with the weight of their stately beauty. Across the lane two old woodmen, in a tiny house buried in a thicket, chop wood and sell garden stakes. Every day I am going to buy some stakes and relieve those delphiniums, but the good intention is never fulfilled. There are green fly on the roses, the massive scarlet poppies demand support, the clump of lilies wants thinning, that clump which sends up an entrancing perfume under my bedroom window by night so that I lean out there, pyjama-clad, deferring the act of bed. Also one day I must reluctantly remove a young apple tree, despite the memory of its blossom this Spring, for it obtrudes upon the vista and golden ecstasy of a laburnum tree whose artistry, I swear, is conscious, so perfect is its contour against a background of four poplars whispering their confidences to the summer air.

And yet, in the midst of this green England, Mrs. Mordaunt set me longing for strange scenes. She has wandered everywhere, wandered with much courage and enterprise, wandered with an independence at once sad and brave—"For it is impossible to wander if you have a home and people to love you." Where there's a courageous will there's a way. Mrs. Mordaunt is no *rentier* bored by the pageant of life—"for there is my way to pay, my living to earn. . . . I still find that spice of danger which—as I grow old with an increasing disregard for life, a constant sense of fatigue with life, though I'd hate to be found starved to death, from my own inability to earn a living—is the one excitement left to me."

This delightful book covers a wide and varied range. Havana, Guatemala, West Florida, Nairobi, the sources of the Blue Nile, the Sudan, Zanzibar, Singapore, Bangkok, Siam, Ankor Wat, the lost city of Ceylon, and Italian Somaliland. All this travel would mean nothing without intelligence, an eager eye, a sound philosophical attitude. Mrs. Mordaunt has all of these. Her comments as well as her descriptions are fascinating. And I have means of checking her veracity and sense. I, too, have lived in Havana, charmed by its exotic grace, by the beauty of its people, the splendour of its life. I wrote a novel about it which to this day no one believes. They declare it is a phantasy; nowhere can wealth be so immense, life so romantic, the air so dramatic. And yet Mrs. Mordaunt bears me out in every detail.

Only one thing does she seem to have missed with her quick eyes—those melancholy Chinese sweet-vendors who parade the Prada tinkling a little bell to attract custom. Under the magnolia trees, with their Chinese jackets, they make a picture of strange beauty. A negro service in West Florida awakened vivid memories in Mrs. Mordaunt of scenes she had seen in interior Africa. A moment came when she was certain the negroes were going to jump. But I saw a church service in the most sophisticated part of Florida in which the worshippers were white folk and Holy Jumpers. What strange facts Mrs. Mordaunt elicits—such as that the Archbishop of Canterbury is responsible for running the lakes in Equatorial Africa! "He it was, and no other, who gave orders that the steamer I am now on should be fitted throughout with lifebelts, so that if one did fall overboard one might have something to hold on to while the crocodiles champed and chawed at one's legs."

Buy, beg, or borrow this entrancing book.

I am glad that Mr. Geoffrey Bles, the publisher, has not joined the parrot cry of "Buy British." Art has no frontiers, neither should literature have any. Mr. Bles is a frequent fisher in the German sea of books. He has had several catches, the most notable being *Grand Hotel*. Here is his latest import, and very admirable it is: *The Captain of Köpenick*, by Carl Zuckmayer (7s. 6d.). This is the play based on the famous exploit of the cobbler of Köpenick, which has had such a success in Germany. It is illustrated, and gives a short biography of Wilhelm Voight, the hero of the exposure of German militarism run mad. In his youth Voight forged some postal orders for which he was sentenced to fifteen years' hard labour. When he came out of prison he was thirty-two years of age, with no one to care for him. For years he was driven from pillar to post by officialism; then one day, at the age of fifty-six, the worn-out man came across a worn-out uniform. He put it on, took command of a company of soldiers by his bluff, and arrested the Mayor of Köpenick. Thus this poor victim of officialdom became for a short and wonderful spell its master. He saw what sixty million Germans had failed to see, that Germany was at the mercy of a uniform. He set the whole world laughing against the Prussian State. There is a good play in this story, and Herr Zuckmayer has handled his material well, though I am doubtful of the actability of the end. It makes most diverting reading, and presents a vivid reconstruction of pre-War Prussia.

Mr. Desmond MacCarthy has now brought out the second volume in his series of collected criticism, *Criticism* (Putnam. 7s. 6d.). The new book covers such subjects as Butler, Donne, Boswell, Proust, Lawrence, Huxley, Stein, and some general essays on different aspects of the literary life. Mr. MacCarthy, it seems to me, is nervous of contemporary reputations. He confesses to have shied from Lawrence while he was alive, and even now he hardly knows whether to let himself be taken in by the chaotic-erotic school founded by Lawrence. Perhaps "school" is not the correct word, for while Lawrence found hundreds of noisy disciples no one has attempted to snatch the mantle.

Mr. MacCarthy retreats from his gesture towards modernism by his wise observations towards the close of the essay on Gertrude Stein, one of the freaks of the ultra-modernist school of selective illiteracy. "The public is undoubtedly an ass, but not uncommonly in criticism we find the elect and progressive of a later date echoing that ass's ancient bray. And what is one to think, then? Secondly, though it is lamentably true that Coleridge and Wordsworth were ridiculed, so was Mr. Bowles."

Mr. MacCarthy's criticism often takes the form of autobiography, which delights me, for I do not like my literature divorced from life, and for this reason I am as much interested in Mr. MacCarthy's excursions in life, of which he gives us engaging glimpses, as I am of his excursions in letters. There is a vivid, personal impression of Samuel Butler. As a boy, Mr. MacCarthy encountered him in a Swiss pension, and being an unusual boy, Butler took notice of him, even to defending him from parental wrath. There is an essay on literary booms, but it is far too short. What chapters we could all contribute to an anthology on that subject! In my short day I have seen the unworthy flourish, spread their leaves over a continent, and then wither to nothing. Some of them, unlike Dr. Tupper, did not live to see their immortality recognized as temporary insanity.

Mr. MacCarthy predicts that it is improbable we shall bury Mr. H. G. Wells in Westminster Abbey, a fact which I am sure does not perturb Mr. Wells. He predicts this not from a low estimate of Mr. Wells, but because the rank of the novelist will never again be a towering one as in the days of Dickens. The novelists of to-day are too many and too good for an Everest to shine out above the mass. Mr. MacCarthy is often provocative, opinionated, and occasionally pontifical, but as I like my critics obstinate, I like this book as well as I liked its predecessor.

Of three excellent novels which come to hand this week two belong to the category of farce. Excellent farce, too, they are. Mr. James Laver might well have called his novel *The Inconstant Nymph* instead of *Nymph Errant* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.). One cannot for a moment believe in Evangeline, of the ladies' seminary at Lausanne, or that she could so readily and ably have turned herself into a prostitute with a dozen affairs in half-a-dozen countries, while really on her way home to her aunt's at Oxford. Why that aunt did not wonder what had become of the schoolgirl during those weeks of amours Mr. Laver leaves us guessing, but for our own diversion as well as Evangeline's it is as well. This is really a satire on the bad life, and so shrewdly and tactfully done that it never becomes distasteful or trying. Evangeline's experiences at Deauville with a young Frenchman who specialises in *la poitrine;* with a young Russian who experimented with suicide; with a young German who takes her to a *nachtkultur* settlement; with a wicked Count, etc., all reveal the shrewdest criticism of the types selected.

"The meditations of a Frenchman depend upon his material prosperity. If he is poor he thinks first of *l'estomac* and then of *les femmes*; if he is well-to-do, he thinks first of *les femmes* and then of *l'estomac*. They have always understood, the sensual and cynical French, that a bathroom is a frame for beauty, not an excuse for heartiness, not the reward of a twenty-mile walk across country entirely, but the preparation for a night of love."

In this high boisterousness of Evangeline there is not only varied diversion, but a sound sense of Continental values. Mr. Laver has just the right bright touch for a bad girl's holiday.

Chérie, by Jacques Deval (Secker. 7s. 6d.), is also the story of a bad girl, a young Frenchwoman who becomes a prostitute at one of the little hells that fringe the Panama Canal. But she has a master passion, to return to France. Since prostitution is not remunerative enough she takes employment with a Japanese, doing secret service work on the Canal. But no outline can do justice to the power and beauty of this book. It is a masterpiece, one of those rare occasions in the reader's life when page after page provokes him to exclamations of delight. M. Deval is, I suspect, a Frenchman who has lived long in America. Nowhere, since I read Loti's *Roman d'un Spahi*, have I encountered so marvellous a description of the horror, the grip, the disease, the fascination of the tropical setting. And

(Continued on p. 532)

THE WORLD OF ART

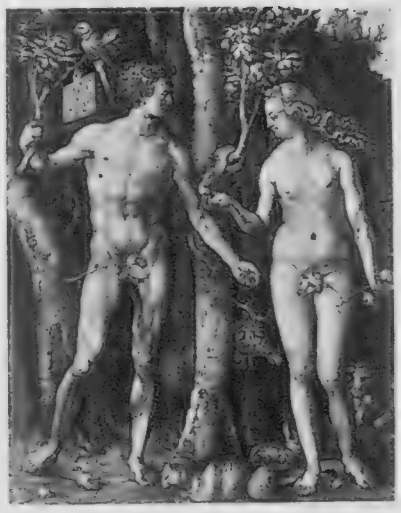
AT HOME AND ABROAD

A TRADITIONAL ARTIST NOW A SCULPTOR IN THE MODERN MANNER: "Œdipus Replying to the Sphinx," by Glyn Philpot, R.A., whose style of painting also has this year been completely transformed. This is on view at the Leicester Galleries

"THE BARBER-SURGEON," BY VELASQUEZ: This superb example of the great Spaniard who, in contradistinction to his compatriot and contemporary, Murillo, "Painter of Heaven," was called the "Painter of Earth," is believed to be a portrait of Michelangelo, who held the office of Barber-Surgeon to Pope Innocent X. It was in the collection of Sir W. H. Bennett, and has recently been sold by the Anderson Galleries of New York on the order of Lady Bennett, sole executrix

A TRADITIONAL ARTIST NOW A PAINTER IN THE MODERN MANNER: "M. Julien Zaire (Tom Whiskey)"—a cabaret performer in Paris—by Glyn Philpot, R.A. Mr. Philpot is exhibiting a collection of his modernist art at the Leicester Galleries

THE COOK AND HIS WIFE



ADAM AND EVE

Two of the Dürer prints sold at Sotheby's a few days ago, which fetched good prices. The "Adam and Eve" fetched £620

LANDSCAPE BY DUNCAN GRANT: A canvas at Agnew's Triple Exhibition of the works of Vanessa Bell, Duncan Grant, and Keith Baynes

"THE CITY," BY SEMIRANI, the leading painter of contemporary Persia. Originally a painter of furniture, he is the first modern Persian artist to have a one-man show in Europe—in this case in Paris. Ali Mechedi (his real name) is sixty, has never been to Europe, knows no European art and no European language, but evolved his own modernist treatment—and founded a school

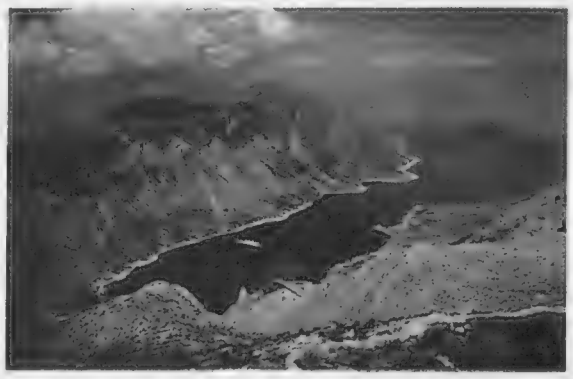
STILL LIFE BY DUNCAN GRANT: A canvas whose composition and brushwork alike are those of a notable craftsman. It is on view at Agnew and Sons where, in addition to canvases by this artist, those of Vanessa Bell and Keith Baynes are on view

TANGIER: A cruise which includes Tangier holds unforgetable memories, especially if it should be the first visit to Africa on the part of the passenger. One seems to enter not only another continent, but another world

Cruising to North and South

Life brings us many surprises, both pleasant and unpleasant, but one of the greatest of all is to find oneself doing something one had always sworn never to do and, still more astounding and amazing, finding that one is actually enjoying it. One of the things, for instance, which I had always sworn I would never willingly do was to go for a long sea cruise. I had had in the past a good deal of experience of Channel crossings, of small, very inadequate steamers, of uncomfortable berths, damp sheets, an overpowering smell of oil and steam and food and humanity; of the misery of sea sickness; of hurried, sloppy breakfasts in the chill dawn of stormy winter mornings, and a general feeling of cold, weariness, and intense discomfort which lasted for several days.

The idea of going on a cruise just for pleasure was one I failed to understand, and over and over again I refused invitations and turned down innumerable opportunities with a firm determination that would not be overruled. But at last circumstances over which I had no control shook even my unalterable resolve and, with a sinking feeling of acute misery, I found myself irretrievably bound to join a party embarking on the Royal Mail Steam Packet, *Atlantis*, for a twelve-days' cruise to Copenhagen, Stockholm, and the Kiel Canal and, feeling perfectly certain that I was going to hate every moment of the trip, I drove down to Tilbury Docks, bidding a wistful farewell to the familiar landmarks of London.



AN OVERHEAD VIEW of the Gulf of Kotor (or Cattaro as it once was) from the Montenegro Roads at a height of 4,000 ft.

My first surprise came when I saw the beautiful white ship with her long, graceful lines, and was conscious of a sudden, unexpected thrill when I heard the sound of her siren and the rattle of the anchor chain, and caught the white flash of a sea-bird's wing against the fast receding shore. My second surprise came when I saw my cabin with its brass bedstead and gay counterpane, its easy chair, its long looking-glass, washing-stand and dressing-table, its pictures and flowers and cushions. Here was a comfort and luxury which made me realize more fully that this was a very different proposition from those old cross-Channel steamers with their narrow bunks and frousty curtains. Still more surprises awaited me when I investigated further and discovered the comfort of the lounge, the dining-room, the library and ballroom, the gymnasium and swimming bath, and after two days out I began to think that no more perfect form of a holiday could be imagined.

Away up past the coast of England to Leith, across the North Sea to Norway, on through some of the gorgeous fjords to Oslo, then across to Copenhagen, set like a jewel by the sea, and on to Stockholm, that lovely city which has been justly named the Venice of the North. Then, after a twenty-four hours' stay, back through the Kiel Canal to Hamburg, teeming with activity, and home at last to Tilbury Docks, and a reluctant leave-taking of comforts and delights which had grown familiar during those twelve days of perfect enjoyment.

But before I left the deck of the *Atlantis* I had booked my passage for a further cruise, this time to journey to southern seas. Starting from London and sailing first of all to Hamburg and then to Amsterdam, that beautiful old town with its sleepy canals, its busy squares, and narrow, cobbled streets where the tall old houses stand and dream of past glories, of the rustle of satin skirts and the tramp of armed feet. On from here to Bordeaux, and, if the weather is kind, a fleeting visit to San Sebastian, and past the wild, rocky coast of Portugal to Lisbon, with its perfect setting of blue sea. On again, past the great, frowning rock of Gibraltar to Tangier, with its whisper of the East, its low, mud houses, its hot sands, and the magic of the desert reaching almost to its gates. Back to the southern coast of Spain, Palma, Barcelona, Malaga, Alicante, white towns dipping down to the blue of the sea, old churches and palaces, villas with cool, shady gardens, the scent of orange blossoms, of magnolias and oleanders, and back at last in leisurely fashion to Southampton.

Sunny, perfect days; mornings spent in the gymnasium or the open-air swimming bath. A cool drink in the bar, lunch in the restaurant, a rest on a long chair under a shady awning, a perfectly served tea, a strenuous game of deck tennis, perhaps another bathe, dinner followed by a dance or perhaps a cinema performance or a stroll on deck in the moonlight. Twenty-two days of happiness and enjoyment for the sum of 34 guineas all told. There are, too, other alternative cruises, one for instance going straight from Southampton to Gibraltar, staying for a day at La Goulette then going on to Malta for the week-end, and from there up the Adriatic to Cattaro, Ragusa, and Venice, where a stay of four days is made. Then back to the coast of Morocco, and home by way of Malaga to Southampton.

THE FJORDS OF THE ADRIATIC are full of beautiful islets—this one is in the Gulf of Kotor. The steamer enters a series of inner fjords of extraordinary beauty through a narrow mouth from the open Adriatic

THE FRONT AT EASTBOURNE on a sunny day—the beach has always been very popular with family parties

IN AND AROUND EASTBOURNE

Eastbourne is in many respects one of the most attractive of the south coast watering places. For one thing, it has the great dominating mass of Beachy Head to lend it interest and distinction. For the energetic there is always the stimulating walk on the crisp turf of the great headland. For more idle moments there are the beautiful carpet gardens all along the chief part of the sea front. Down at the base of the gleaming cliffs is the new lighthouse; up above is the old Belle Toute lighthouse, now in private occupation. On the sea towards the cliffs one may go a-prawning, and there are all kinds of row boats and motor boats for use on the summer sea. The sea angler can fish from the pier, which possesses fine dance and concert halls.

For the afternoon excursion into the country there are a goodly selection of historic houses, castles, and villages. Hurstmonceaux is one of the most famous of the neighbouring sights.

An exceptionally attractive list of events has been arranged for the benefit of visitors to Eastbourne this year. The Annual Men's Open Bowls Tournament at Whitsun in spite of the early date attracted a large entry from all parts of the country. The Sussex County Agricultural Society's Show was held on the Flying Ground, King's Drive, on June 22 and 23. The events included, amongst other things, sheep dog trials, riding, driving and jumping; demonstrations of electricity as applied to agriculture, all classes of live stock, etc. A record entry had been ensured.

Other important annual events are: Annual motor-cycle gymkhana and rally, August Bank Holiday. Annual mounted gymkhana, Eastbourne Riding Club, August Bank Holiday. Annual hospitals' carnival, August Bank Holiday. Annual South of England tennis tournament, September 5. Annual concours d'élégance, September 7. Annual ladies' open bowls tournament, September 12. Annual South of England croquet tournament, September 22. Tenth annual musical festival, November 21–27. County cricket matches, cricket and tennis 'Varsity weeks, and numerous sporting and other events have also been arranged.

Additional facilities, we are informed, are now available for sun and sea bathing.

The Redoubt Music Gardens have been reconstructed and ample shelter accommodation provided. These gardens were opened on June 20, when the band of H.M. 1st Batt. the Royal Sussex Regiment performed. The principal military and other brass bands will play here and at the Grand Parade Central Bandstand during the season.

EASTBOURNE: The sea front at Eastbourne is delightfully cared for. The gardens are a joy to the eye

OF TRAVEL

LUXEMBURG: The ruins of the old Château of Vianden are situated on the river Our, some twenty-three miles from Luxembourg itself

LUXEMBURG as a HOLIDAY GROUND

Few people comparatively have visited Luxemburg as a possible holiday ground, but those that have done so have been charmed by its quaintness, and the scenery which reminds them greatly of that of the Ardennes. Formerly it was a portion of the Belgian province of the same name; from which, when Belgium became a kingdom in 1830, it was separated and became the personal possession of the Nassau family. It is smaller than most of the English counties having an area of only about 1,000 square miles, an extreme length of fifty-one miles and an extreme breadth of about thirty-seven miles.

The capital, Luxembourg, with a population of just under 50,000 is the only place deserving the description of a city. It is pleasantly situated upon the banks of the little river Alzette. In former times it was chiefly notable for its ancient fortress (dismantled in 1867), the ruined walls and towers of which stand on the Plateau du Rham, above the gorge of the river, whose ramparts have been converted into pleasant walks.

One of the most striking features of the city is the magnificent viaduct which one reaches on leaving the railway station by the Avenue de la Gare, from which one looks down upon the river, rows of waving poplars, and pleasant gardens.

The city has some distinctly fine buildings including the Ducal Palace, Hôtel de Ville, Palais de Justice, and the Cathedral of Notre Dame. There is an old-world atmosphere and quaintness about the centre of the city and its older portions in sharp contrast to that of the industrial suburbs of Pfaffental and Clausen.

Near the south end of the Public Park the deep ravine of the Pétrusse is spanned by a fine, single-arched bridge at the southern end of which are the imposing modern buildings of l'Administration Publique.

The towns of Diekirch and Echternach, both under 5,000, are the only other places of any size. The former is much visited by fishermen, who find good sport in the Sure.

Luxemburg possesses some fine castles among the most important those of Clairfontaine (now in Belgium), Clervaux, Schieburg, and Bourchied, and ruined Beaufort near the German frontier in the east of the Duchy, in a portion of the country known as "Little Switzerland." It is charming and well-wooded.

Luxemburg is well-served by railways, but it is for the "hiker" and tourist fond of walking that it presents the greatest attractions of its sparkling streams, well-wooded valleys, pleasant hamlets, and picturesque little towns.

LUXEMBOURG: This peep up the valley shows the city in the foreground with bridges reflected in the Alzette

HAVRE: There are many quaint corners in the streets of Havre with high-pitched roofs and half-timbered walls.

Drawings by Percy Home

ROUEN: One of the finest of the old timbered structures to be found in this city is the one near the Quai Boildieu

Up the Silver Seine with the S.R.

In order to fit in with the exigencies of the busy life of to-day, the Southern Railway has organized what may be aptly termed a pocket cruise for a week-end. We can now all enjoy a sea journey, in a spick and span boat, shining with white paint, between Friday and Monday. We can leave the office at the usual time on Friday evening catch the 10.5 p.m. from Waterloo, and be back before 10 o'clock on Monday morning. There is no bother about passports, or of getting through the Customs, the *St. Briac* is one's hotel for the three nights and no luggage goes ashore.

The trip is from Southampton to Havre, and from there a cruise up the wide and winding Seine to the historic city of Rouen, the capital of Normandy. Havre is reached at six o'clock on Saturday morning, the energetic passenger is on deck to see the first signs of the French coast, the less energetic will find himself gliding into the wide mouth of the river. Breakfast over one gathers on deck to see the dappled lights on the river, reflecting the broken sky, with rifts of light which give promise of the sun. On our right is a striking green plateau rising above an alluvial plain, cut up by canals, in Dutch fashion. This is the Marais Vernier, occupying the site of what was once a horse-shoe like gulf which lapped the base of the cliffs.

A little farther up the river the château of Tancarville with its towers stands out strikingly on the side of a wooded hill. Built originally by the de Tancarvilles, very loyal supporters of the Dukes of Normandy, it held a strong strategic position as a fortress. When the Tancarville line became extinct it passed through various families till, in the eighteenth century, it came into the possession of Louis de la Tour d'Auvergne, Comte d'Evreux, who rebuilt the chateau. Parts of the old fortress can still be seen by those who pay it a visit, and are rewarded for the climb by the beautiful view from the terrace.

Almost before we have finished looking at Tancarville, the little fishing port of Quillebœuf arrives in sight on our right—an attractive little place with a Romanesque church of the eleventh century as its central feature.

THE BANKS OF THE LOWER SEINE are varied and beautiful. Stretches reminiscent of Henley open out before one

THE STEAMER GLIDES BY HISTORIC TOWNS and villages. There is a typical one on the north bank of the Seine, on the south bank there is Quillebœuf, which has historic associations, and also a big ferry for cars

There at certain Spring tides the sailor has to be prepared for a tidal bore, known as the *mascaret*, which sweeps up the river, a perfect wall of water, 6 ft. to 12 ft. in height. This sight, however, will not add excitement to the summer passengers as it only occurs at the Spring and autumn equinoxes. It is at Quillebœuf that a pilot is taken on for the voyage up the river to Rouen.

The *St. Briac*, from now onwards, slips along quietly—there seems no sense of propulsion, one might be gliding in a gondola through a green and silvery landscape. There are no harsh colours on the Seine, nothing strident, and above all, no disfiguring modernities on the adjacent meadows. Here and there in the little towns one sees a poster on the side of a house in the familiar blue letters, but that is all.

The great Forêt de Bedtonne occupies one great bend of the river, as one turns north. Villequier is the next place we glide past, famous for being the home of Victor Hugo, who had a house on the quayside. Standing high up above the village, on the hillside, is a château of the time of Louis XV.

And now Caudebec comes in view, a most picturesque little place with its houses along the quayside, the beautiful tower and crocketed spire of the church standing out and all framed by the wooded hills beyond. The richness of the narrow streets, with their timber fronts, and overhanging storeys, and carved stonework cannot be seen from the ship, but one makes a mental note that Caudebec is a place to be revisited and become acquainted with at closer quarters.

From Caudebec the river takes another bend south, and where it gets to its narrowest channel we see the twin towers of the ruined Abbey of Jumièges standing out among the trees on the left. The abbey, impressive in its Norman architecture, was built by Robert of Jumièges, Archbishop of Canterbury when Edward the Confessor reigned in England.

All around the market there are old streets filled with houses dating from the Renaissance period, which to be seen in their most romantic setting is late at night, when they are lit by bracket lamps projecting from the houses, But Rouen is a city that is full of memories not only of the Maid but of Charles VII, Henry VI, and of many others. On Sunday one is dropping down the river to Havre, which is reached in good time to give the passenger plenty of time to visit the town and the adjacent sights of Deauville, Trouville, and Pont-Audemer, before setting out for England.

RECONSTRUCTION: On the site of an old castle in Bavaria, a group of nuns, who work in the habit of their Order, have created their own convent by their own unaided efforts, labouring from foundation to roof.

DISCUSSION: The Prioress considers the plans submitted by the Sister Architect before sanctioning their translation into bricks and mortar. The Prioress has spent twenty years in Africa and has a wonderful knowledge of practical affairs

TO THE FIELDS: The Bavarian convent is not only built entirely by the nuns and novices, but is completely self-supporting. The work not only of bricklayers, electricians, plumbers, architects, but also of farm labourers, sowers, reapers, scythers is carried out by this body of sturdy Bavarian sisters, a group of whom are seen above *en route* to the fields

ELECTRICAL EXPERTS: The Sister, who is an authority in all branches of electricity, stands by the switchboard controlling the entire installation in the convent

GOGGLED SISTERS, arrayed in devices to preclude the possibility of sawdust flying into the eyes, work one of the most modern types of saw—one of the surprising phenomena of the community

"NUNS A-TOUT-FAIRE"

In the deepest part of the Bavarian forest, and far away from the road, lies the Mission Station of the Dominican Order, which the nuns for the past few years have been busily building, on the site of an old castle.

"Work and Pray" is the motto of these women, who by hard work on their own land, prepare themselves for harder work still in the African mission fields. A welcome opportunity to train the young nuns in practical work was taken when they took over the old ruined castle of Strahlfeld, and used the industrious hands of the sisters to build, in a few short years, a dwelling of beauty and comfort. In the snow-white heavy dress of their Order, with its thick folds, these strong, young Bavarian women work daily at manual tasks.

Here can be seen nuns with soldering irons, using the plough with toil-hardened hands, managing the switchboard of their own electrical works. All the work necessary for the community is done by the nuns with quiet calm as a mere matter of course.

The building work is entirely carried out by women who do all the heavy moving of bricks and stone, usually left to men. The Architect Sister who has all her plans drawn up after discussion with the Prioress, sets the nuns to their several jobs—mixing mortar, climbing ladders, wheeling heavy slabs of stone on barrows, sawing great planks of wood, and so on.

In the early morning you will see some of the nuns setting off in a farm-cart for the work on the fields, being driven by a nun who has herself harnessed the horses. At harvest-time they work from sunrise to sunset, cutting the hay with heavy scythes in the great meadows round the convent. Other sisters will be looking after the cows and poultry, in the care of which they are carefully instructed as it is very essential for the work on the mission field.

The aged Prioress of the establishment is present at all the work which is being carried on. She has herself spent twenty years in Africa and is the best possible teacher on all practical subjects for the young nuns. All work is superintended with professional exactitude until the sister becomes fully qualified, and in her turn is able to instruct the young novices in skilled handicrafts, preparing them for their work later on in Africa.

But apart from this practical manual work, there is the real work of the missionary, and much depends on the single individual, who must be independent and able to rely upon his or her own personality. In fact the calling of a missionary requires a great deal of energy, added to tact and prudence. There is no question that many missionaries are called upon for much quiet heroism. Figures can be quoted in proof of this, in the matter of illness, death, and sacrifice of life under attacks of savages. Apart from the external and material suffering, there is the spiritual side, the loneliness and despair, the sense of failure in results, and the responsibility of the converts. Not to grow weary in such circumstances, but to preserve patience and hope, is only possible under the inspiration of a great ideal.

The early Jesuits, when they first went to India and the Far East, found that in order to get to know the strange people among whom they went it was well to wear their clothes and to live as they did. The necessity to understand the strange people, so that they themselves might be understood and so be able to explain the rudiments of their belief and obtain true conversions, very soon brought the missionaries into close contact with native learning.

NEWS from the WORLD of Historic Faith

ALFRESCO ALTARS are being built in Ireland, most devout of lands, in view of the coming of the Eucharistic Congress. This altar was erected by the inhabitants of Corporation Buildings, Foley Street, Dublin

DEVOTION IN THE SLUMS: Roman Catholic Ireland is pulsating with zeal as the Eucharistic Congress draws near. In the slums of Dublin open-air altars have been erected and decorated and are served by barefoot worshippers of all ages

ON EXHIBITION: The chariot of Daniel O'Connell, "the Liberator" (1775–1847), is to be on view during the Eucharistic Congress Week. He was a duellist and was only stopped by his arrest from meeting Peel in 1820. M.P. for County Clare in 1828, he founded five years earlier the Catholic Association and in 1826 the Order of Liberators

THE THOMAS A'BECKET DRAMA STAGED IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: Tennyson's poetic tragedy, *Becket*, formed the main event of the week of festival music and drama organized by the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral. It was played daily in the Chapter House, within a few yards of the scene of that martyrdom which had as its greatest effect a terrific burst of miraculous healing at the shrine and, as a subsidiary effect, the inspiration of Chaucer's *magnum opus*. On the left the four knights—Fitzurse, Tracy, Brito, and Morville—wait again to carry out the dread suggestion of their King on the body of the turbulent priest; on the right, the monks waiting in the cloisters for their cue for the death scene

THE SCREEN

And its Personalities

A PAIR OF WINNERS: Mr. Tom Walls for whom the dates April V and June I happily coincided, and Miss Ann Grey, in a scene from the talkie *Leap Year*

SMOKE BETWEEN SHOTS: Mr. Roland Young lights a cigarette for Mr. John Loder while Miss Joan Gardner looks on during the production of *Wedding Rehearsal* at Wembley

MISS JOAN CRAWFORD, who is playing the title rôle in *Letty Lynton*, co-starring with Mr. Robert Montgomery (*on left* he is seen at breakfast in his home in Beverley Hills), the *jeune premier* whose *chef d'œuvre* was his performance on the screen in the part created on the stage by Mr. Noel Coward in *Private Lives*

A BEAUTY OF THE SCREEN: Miss Virginia Bruce—a discovery of the famous American firm, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

CONVERSATION INTIME: Miss Karen Morley and Mr. Osgood Perkins in a scene from *Scarface* (at the Empire), the sensational exposure of rule by gunmen, gangs, and graft, which was produced in America under the title of *The Shame of a Nation*

It is a great advantage of the New Tailoring that you may enter the department and have found for you a suit that immediately fits. The fitter may wish to make a little adjustment here, and another there, before the set of the jacket, and the hang of the trousers, satisfy his critical and conscientious eye.

But when that is done, all is done; and usually your clothes are ready the same day; so that you leave the department saying these clothes are tailored as a quiet-minded man would wish, and the ordering of clothes to measure is largely a prejudice, and an out-of-date one.

The English worsteds and Scottish tweeds of which these clothes are made need no recommending, for their goodness can be seen. The linings and trimmings have all been made to exacting specifications. And being able to see how you look in suits of various patterns and colours will be a very pleasant and interesting experience.

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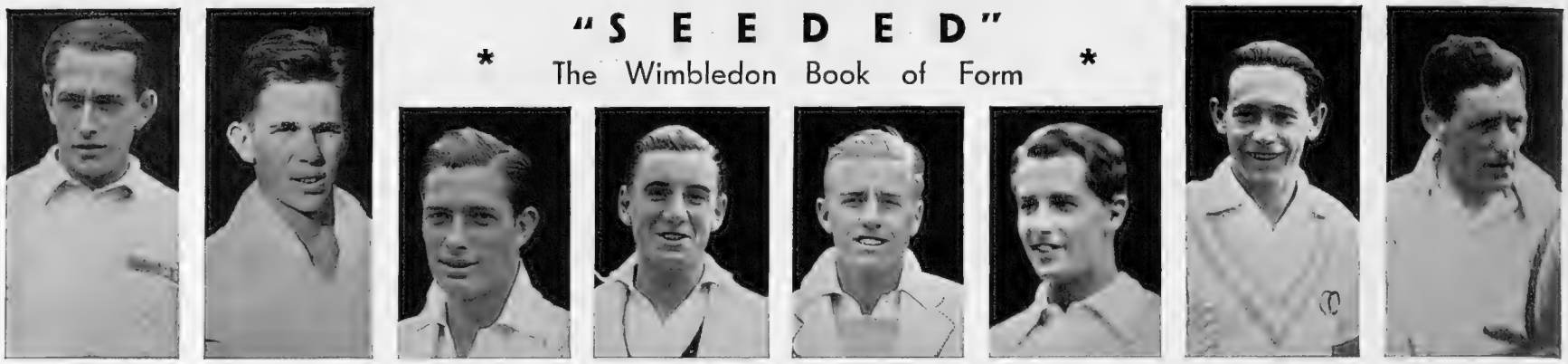
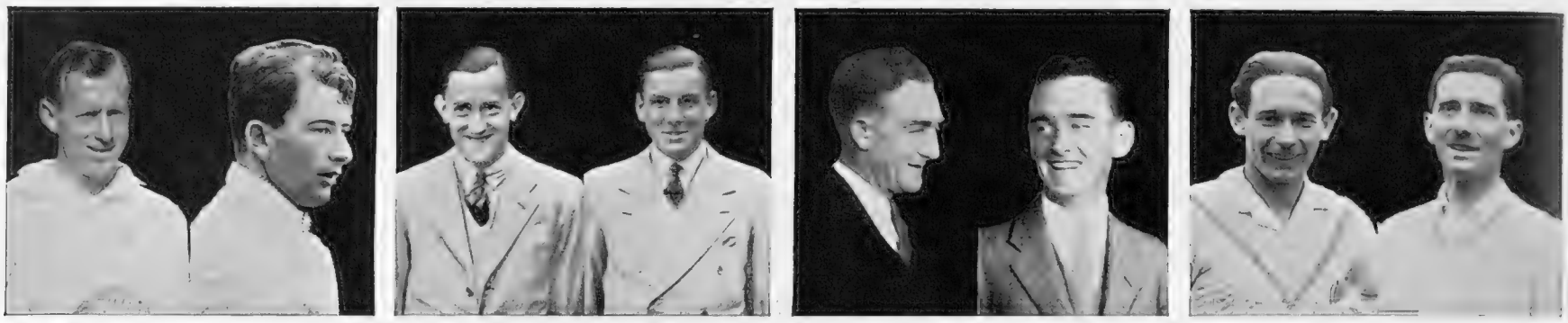


MEN'S SINGLES

Henri Cochet, France; Ellsworth Vines, U.S.A.; Frank Shields, U.S.A.; Frederick Perry, Great Britain; Sidney Wood, U.S.A.; H. W. Austin, Great Britain; Jean Borotra, France; Jack Crawford, Australia. Notable absentees: René Lacoste, France; George de Stefani, Italy



MEN'S DOUBLES

Wilmer Allison and John Van Ryn, U.S.A.; George Hughes and Frederick Perry, Great Britain; Jack Crawford and Harry Hopman, Australia; Jean Borotra and Jacques Brugnon, France. Notable absentee: Henri Cochet—as Brugnon's partner

MIXED DOUBLES

Ellsworth Vines and Mrs. Wills-Moody, U.S.A.; Henri Cochet, France, and Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall, Great Britain; Jacques Brugnon and Mme René Mathieu, France; Enrique Maier, Spain, and Miss Elizabeth Ryan, U.S.A. Notable absentee: Ian Collins, Great Britain

MIXED DOUBLES

Wilmer Allison and Miss Helen Jacobs, U.S.A.; Harry Hopman, Australia, and Mlle Josane Sigart, Belgium; Dr. P. D. B. Spence, South Africa, and Miss Betty Nuthall, Great Britain; Gregory Mangin and Miss Sarah Palfrey, U.S.A. Notable absentee: Frederick Perry, Great Britain

LADIES' DOUBLES

Miss Betty Nuthall and Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall, Great Britain; Miss Elizabeth Ryan and Miss Helen Jacobs, U.S.A.; Mrs. Shepherd-Barron and Mrs. M. R. King, Great Britain; Mlle Doris Metaxa, France, and Mlle Josane Sigart, Belgium. Notable absentee: Mrs. Wills-Moody, U.S.A.

Pictures by Topical Press

LADIES' SINGLES

Mrs. Wills-Moody, U.S.A.; Mme René Mathieu, France; Fräulein Krahwinkel, Germany; Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall, Great Britain; Miss Helen Jacobs, U.S.A.; Miss Betty Nuthall, Great Britain; Mlle Lolette Payot, Switzerland; Miss Dorothy Round, Great Britain. Notable absentee: Fräulein Cilli Aussem, Germany

The "seeded" players—those who, on form shown for the year since last Wimbledon, should form the last eight in the two Singles events and the Mixed, and the semi-finalists in the Men's and Ladies' Doubles—are as follow; U.S.A., 16; Great Britain, 13; France, 9; Australia, 4; Belgium, 2; Spain, Switzerland, South Africa, and Germany, 1 each.

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✱ THE PETROL WORLD ✱

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

"AUTO"-BIOGRAPHY—THE SUNBEAM 20.—I have just spent a week-end with a 20 h.p. Sunbeam car as my means of transport. There is no name better known than Sunbeam in the British motor trade, and the firm has a very enviable reputation built up during thirty years of making motor cars. Sunbeam cars occupy a unique position. They are not amongst the most expensive and they are not to be found in the cheapest market of all. The policy of the firm is to produce a really high quality automobile at a reasonable price. After my week-end I can confirm that the car is of high quality and as far as I can judge the five-seater coach-built saloon which I drove, is well worth the £795 which it costs.

Not only is the Sunbeam car a good vehicle, but the manufacturers are also to be congratulated on having helped the British motor trade in general to produce their present day satisfactory models. By having taken a very active and successful part in motor racing over a considerable number of years, the Sunbeam Motor Car Company gained a tremendous amount of useful experience at great expense to themselves, and much of this experience has filtered through to other British makers who have never taken part in racing. For that reason alone I consider that the manufacturers of this car deserve every encouragement and thanks. Apart from all that their present-day models are such that they command attention and praise.

The 20-h.p. Five-seater Coachbuilt Saloon, which I drove, has a six-cylinder engine which has a capacity of approximately $3\frac{1}{3}$ litres. This engine is very smooth, and must be thoroughly efficient, for it appears to deliver plenty of power at low revs. as well as at high revs. I was unable to discover any trace of a "period," and another point in its favour is its ease of starting first thing in the morning. The gear-box gives the driver four forward speeds, but I found that the first or lowest could really be ignored. The third was so pleasant in engagement that on more than one occasion I found myself driving along fondly imagining that I was in top. As the speedometer will register over 50 m.p.h. on this third gear a glance at the instrument in ordinary circumstances is not sufficient to tell the driver whether he is on top or third.

The whole transmission system is dead quiet and calls for no criticism. The steering is really good, and its excellence is undoubtedly due to racing experience. A driver can put the Sunbeam car exactly where he wants to almost within an eighth of an inch, and the lock provided is generous considering the size of the car. The suspension and the road-holding qualities of the car were more than satisfactory, and the brakes were certainly up to their work, though there was just a slight trace of a squeak when they were applied.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION of the 20 h.p. SIX-CYLINDER SUNBEAM

Engine—6 Cylinders.
Bore and Stroke—80 mm. and 110 mm.
Capacity—3,317.5 cc.
Ignition—Coil and Distributor.
Carburetter—Vertical Zenith.
Clutch—Single Plate.
R.A.C. Rating—23.8 h.p.
Gear-box—Four Forward Speeds and Reverse.
Brakes—Hydraulically operated.
Suspension—Long Semi-Elliptic and Shock Absorbers all round.
Annual Tax—£24.
Price of Car Tested—£795.

Manufacturers:
THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., Moorfield Works, WOLVERHAMPTON

This five-seater saloon is quite a commodious car, and when I drove it back from Chichester to Leatherhead on a Sunday evening there was an appalling amount of traffic on the road. I thought that I would find the car heavy to handle, but that was not the case, in fact, I was able to nip in and out of the traffic as if I had been at the wheel of a lively small sports car. With third gear engaged, the acceleration was all that could be desired, but for overtaking a procession of cars a driver requires good brakes as well as acceleration, otherwise in spurting past the car to be overtaken and pulling in in front he may run into the back of the next car unless the brakes work well.

I refrain from attempting to give the maximum speed, because I never had an opportunity of making a real test. On more than one occasion the speedometer went up to 65 m.p.h., but as I have said before all-out speed in these days is of very little interest. The car had excellent acceleration, good brakes, and a steering system which allowed the driver to do practically anything he wanted with the car.

The moment I sat behind the wheel I could have told at once, even if I had not known it, that the car was built by people who had a long experience of racing. The driving position is such that all the controls come readily to hand and to foot, there is no groping for the brake lever or straining forward to grip the gear lever, and it is such points that tell on a long journey and make all the difference between a pleasant and a tiring trip. This Sunbeam possessed one of the neatest direction indicators that I have seen. A long square section metal tube was fitted on top of the rear light, and by a slight pressure on a conveniently placed lever in the centre of the steering wheel a red illuminated arrow would appear in this square tube and point in the required direction; the usual stop signal was likewise available. Also in the centre of the steering wheel was the neatest tell-tale electric lamp I have ever seen on a motor car. Through a tiny circular aperture, about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, a tiny lamp would glow so as to tell the driver that the indicator was operating. The car is very completely equipped, and the comfort of the seats is something quite out of the ordinary. The look of a Sunbeam is, in my opinion, equally as satisfying as its running, and the particular car in question was certainly a good looker as well as a good mover.

THE SUNBEAM 20-h.p. Coachbuilt Saloon reviewed—and highly praised—by Mr. Percy Bradley on this page. It retails at £795

FACT AND FICTION.—I have just finished reading a novel entitled *All Out*. The story is about a clever gang of thieves, one member of which is a noted race-driver. As the author is Mark Pepys, Earl of Cottenham, it is not surprising to find that the description of a Grand Prix Motor Race in the book is really convincing and highly exciting. The chief interest in the novel, or shall I say its high

(Continued on p. 530)

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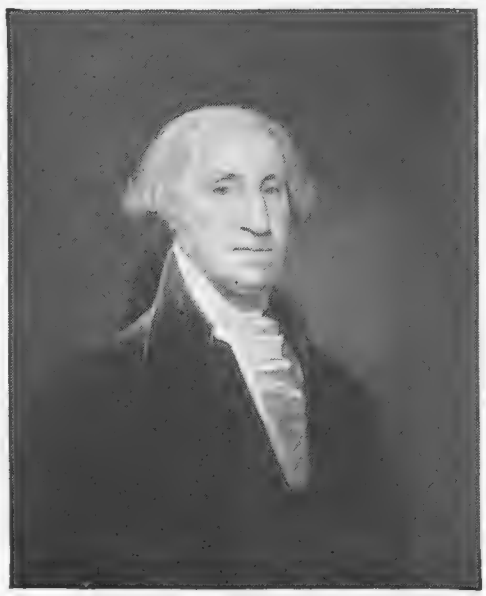
June 28.—**English Literature, Americana, Drama, Autograph Letters,** etc., from the **Library** of **R. Fleming Crooks, Esq.**

June 28.—Extremely rare XVIIth Century **Chinese Colour Prints,** the property of **Major G. R. V. Hume Gore.** Also **Japanese Colour Prints** and **Works of Art.** Illustrated catalogues, 1/-.

SALE, JUNE 30th.—A Nottingham Alabaster Carving of the Annunciation.

Sales on view at least two days prior. Catalogues may be had.



SALE, JUNE 29th.—Oil Painting—Portrait of George Washington by Gilbert Stuart.

Printed list of prices and buyers' names may be purchased after each sale—particulars on application.

June 29.—**Pictures** and **Drawings** of the English and Continental Schools, the property of **Lady Smyth, Baroness D'Erlanger** and **Major W. M. Gott.** Illustrated catalogues, 1/-.

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July 1.—**Dessert** and **Tea Services; Glass Pictures; Needlework** and **Carpets; Tapestries;** Valuable **Old English Furniture,** etc., including the property of **Capt. Richard Wyndham, Mrs. R. F. Lambert** and **Dr. Thurston.** Illustrated catalogues, 1/-.

July 4.—**Antiquities** and **Native Art.** Illustrated catalogues (2 plates), 1/-.

July 4-6.—Valuable **Printed Books** including early Medical Books; **Bindings; Autograph Letters,** etc., comprising the property of the **Rt. Hon. the Earl of Harewood, K.G., D.S.O.,** and of **M. André L. Simon.** Illustrated catalogues (6 plates), 2/-.

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July 6.—**Modern Etchings.**

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July 8.—**European Porcelain** and **Pottery, Old English Furniture,** etc.

SALE, JULY 1st.—One of a set of five Chippendale Chairs which belonged to Southey, the Poet.

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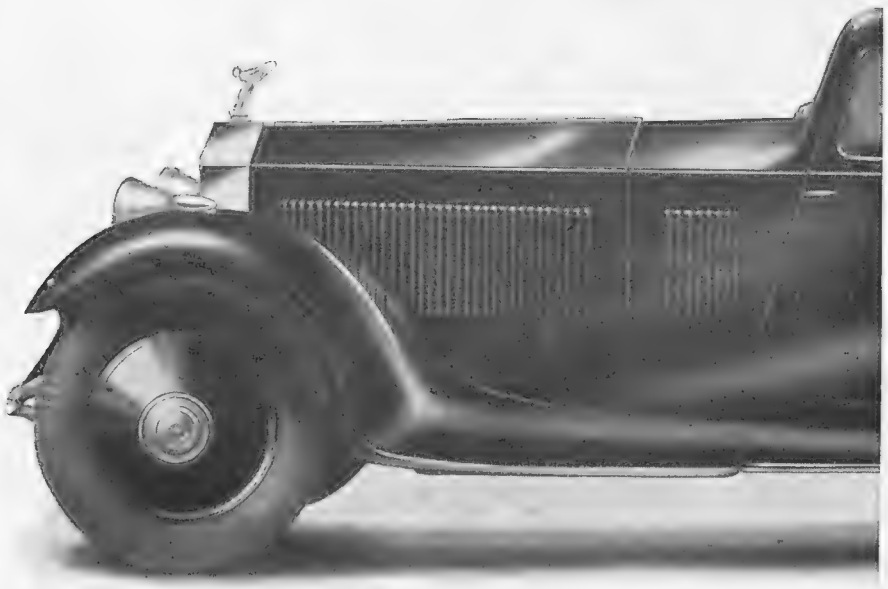

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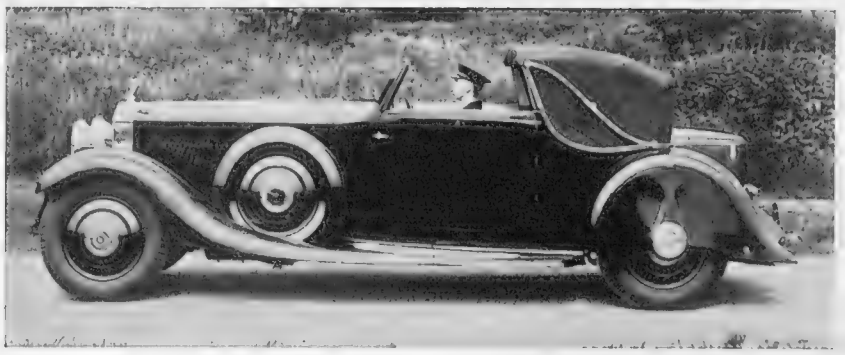


ROLLS-ROYCE: A 40-50-h.p. model fitted with an unusual body by Thrupp and Maberly. The hood is shown folded halfway back, leaving the front seats open and the passengers in the back under cover. The hood can at will be folded between the back seat and the trunk or, of course, brought forward to cover the driver and his front seat passenger

* THE PETROL WORLD *

(Continued from preceding page)

spots, are this motor race and a wonderful fight between the forces of order and disorder in the Scottish Highlands. *All Out* is Lord Cottenham's first novel, and I am sure the success which is bound to attend this effort will compel him to give the public another. Those of us who are connected with motoring are rather apt to get it into our heads that others, likewise associated with motoring journalism and sport, are unable to write pleasantly on any other subject except the automobile. Whether this idea is ill- or well-founded does not really matter, but in Lord Cottenham's case he has shown us straight away that he is a master of the pen whether his subject is motoring or the more mundane things in life. Naturally the book has a special appeal to motorists, and I can strongly advise its purchase.

R.A.C. NEWS. — An Associate-Member complained to the R.A.C. that the red lamps fixed to the gates at the level crossing at Metheringham, Lincoln, were extremely feeble and practically invisible at night. On investigation by the Club it was found that this level crossing was situated upon a slight curve, and that in consequence the railway company had supplied two lamps specially focused, so that when fixed to the gates they would shine as far as possible down the road in each direction. Unfortunately, however, at some period these lamps had been wrongly marked, with the result that the lamp intended for the up-side gate was attached to the down-side gate and vice versa. The railway company is now arranging for the lamps to be correctly marked, and it is hoped that in future they will be more visible.

In a recent case at the Maidenhead County Court, in which a motorist was fined £5 for driving a car without due care and attention, evidence was given that the defendant ignored a signal to stop given by an R.A.C. road guide on traffic control duty, and a collision was only narrowly averted. The incident was witnessed by a police constable, who reported the matter, and a police summons was issued. The defence was that it was not unlawful for a motorist to disobey an R.A.C. guide's signal, but the magistrates held that the defendant in ignoring a guide's signal was guilty of driving without due care and attention, and imposed a fine as stated.

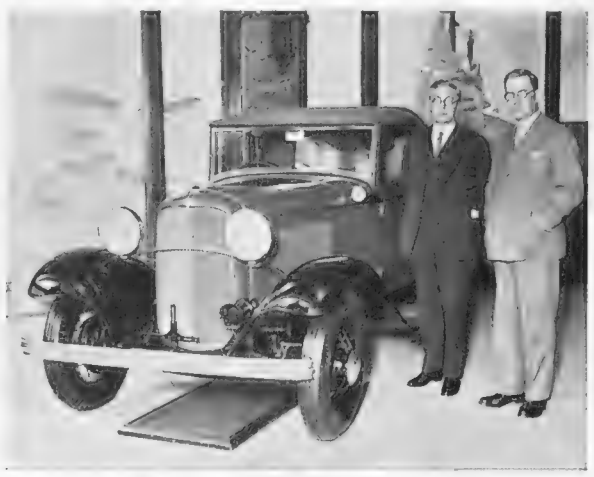
SERVICE.—A new service scheme under which owners in London and neighbourhood may have their cars regularly maintained in their own homes by skilled mechanics has just been inaugurated by the Rolls-Royce Company. Except for the usual daily and weekly attention which every driver has to carry out for himself, owners will for a moderate fee be entirely relieved of all responsibility. After every 2,500 miles, expert mechanics will call by appointment at the owner's own garage, and, in addition to greasing and oiling the whole car, will carry out all necessary driving adjustments. The standard service is based on the mileage, viz. every 2,500, but mechanics will call at any time if required.

FORD.—The average member of the British motoring public is liable to become confused regarding the particular activities of the Ford Motor Company of America, the Ford Motor Company of Canada, and the English Company. Mr. W. R. Campbell, president of the Ford Motor Company of Canada, has been spending some little time in this country, and has taken the opportunity of conferring with Sir Percival Perry, who controls the British Ford Company, so that the policies of their respective companies shall not interfere with each other.

Some twenty-five years ago a concession was granted to the Canadian Ford Company which gave them the sole right to manufacture and sell Ford motor cars, trucks, etc., throughout the British Empire—with the exception of the United Kingdom. Mr. Campbell and Sir Percival Perry have entered into an agreement on behalf of their respective companies to ensure that Ford products throughout the British Empire are supplied either from Dagenham, England, or Walkerville, Canada. The new 8-h.p. Ford car will be manufactured by the Ford Motor Co., Ltd., Dagenham, and marketed and sold throughout the British Empire by the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Ltd., and its subsidiary companies in India, Australia, South Africa, Singapore, etc.

The new 8-cylinder Ford car is now in full production at the Canadian factory, and arrangements have been made for the sale of the complete vehicle and its component parts by the Canadian Company to the British Company for distribution not only in the United Kingdom but also throughout Europe and other portions of territories controlled by the British Company.

Mr. Campbell is a whole-hearted Empire Free Trader. He stated that he believed the British-built cars would be welcomed into Canada and throughout the Empire without duty, and that the Canadian-produced models would likewise be granted a free British market. He also stated that there are only two countries in the British Empire and Dominions actually producing cars, and these were the United Kingdom and Canada. Any duties levied by other Dominions or Colonies were, therefore, obviously for revenue-producing purposes rather than protection.



THREE FORD NOTABLES: Sir Percival Perry, Chairman of the Ford Motor Company, Ltd., and Mr. W. R. Campbell, President of the Ford Motor Company of Canada, standing by one of the new Ford eight models after the conclusion of the reciprocal trading agreement described on this page

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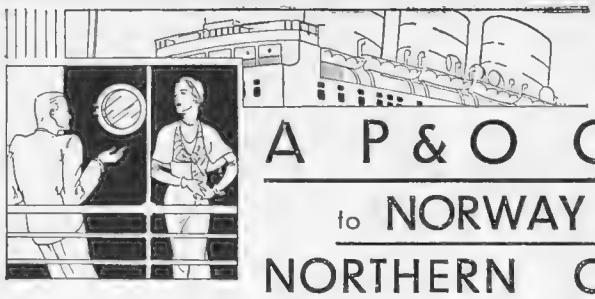

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ELSEWHERE ABROAD	£3 9s. 6d.	£1 14s. 9d.	17s. 5d.

CONTINUATIONS

BOOKS—*(Continued from p. 518)*

throughout the story there is a criticism of history, of international events, so that poor Chérie is an actress against a vast backcloth.

This woman of the streets of Balboa retains an inner purity. She is obsessed with a patriotic dream. In the end she almost achieves it, but when she goes back to France it is in a coffin. M. Deval writes with poetry and the finest feeling, otherwise the grim outline of the story would shock the senses, but with rare artistry he has revealed the soul of a woman enmeshed in circumstance, and her whole struggle towards liberation is wonderfully portrayed. The end, inexpressibly sad, rises to a note of high drama. This is French fiction at its best. M. Deval has set his mark on the Panama Zone. It is an unforgetable picture.

Mary's Neck, by Booth Tarkington (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), is a farce. I cannot believe in Mrs. Massey or her absurd family who go to the holiday settlement at Mary's Neck, but Mr. Tarkington has a way with him, and once I had begun I could not put the book down. Surely nowhere on earth can be found such a collection of unique idiots as Mr. Tarkington has gathered together in this book. They turn from one folly to another, from buying dud antique furniture from sham village ancients, to modernist sculpture in a crank art settlement. The incident of Madame Parka, the prima donna, is in the best tradition of Tarkington comedy.

SIND EMERGING—*(Continued from p. 511)*

bed, maybe, you see the earth first ploughed, then literally scraped up the sloping banks by means of boards about 2 ft. long, each hauled by a couple of bulls.

Trees planted along the banks will in a few years' time cast a pleasant shade over the canal-side roads. This month they are all swathed in jungle grass to protect them, while still not well established, against the frosts at night and the snow-chilled winds from distant mountains. Oleanders already flower in the gardens round the neat inspection bungalows beside the regulators. More trees, and possibly orchards, also will be planted as time goes on; with the fields of cotton, wheat and rice, and other crops they will give a varied and more friendly aspect to this otherwise monotonous land. In cotton alone, in the production of which Sind will one day rival Egypt, there lies a considerable potential source of wealth. Curiously enough, the earliest known cotton in the history of the world has been found at Mohenjo-daro—a tiny fragment, but sufficient for microscopic examination to prove it to be true cotton and not the product of the so-called "cotton-tree."

Whatever the political future of Sind may be, there are within her borders three remarkable works of the hand of man that lay immediate hold upon the imagination. To walk through the labyrinthine streets and lanes of a city of 5,000 years ago with massive walls of well-laid brick masonry looming high on either hand is an experience not easily forgotten. One is apt to reflect on the small advance that Sind has made since then—until her other two quite ultra-modern possessions come back to mind. For its beauty alone, the Lloyd Barrage is an astonishing thing, with its mile-long row of glimmering, creamy-white stone arches, sixty-six in all, flung across the mighty Indus. And as you look downstream, the effect is heightened by other massive arches that flank it on either bank, those of the head-regulators of the great canals.

The enormous hangar, said to be lofty enough to house the Monument, that was built at Karachi for the reception of the ill-fated *R 101*, now, alas! stands empty and deserted. But none the less, the humming life of Karachi's sea and air ports holds promise of an even more vital life to be.

D. Mackay.

"GOLDEN FETTERS"—*(Cont. from p. 506)*

Lij Yasu was taken to the little town of Fiche, forty miles north of Addis Ababa, and there placed under the close guardianship of Ras Kassa. There, according to reports, he was a prisoner in golden fetters. The story of a prisoner in golden fetters is well known in Abyssinia. It dates back to Menelik's capture of a rebel chief. The rebel brought out chains made of gold with which he had hoped to bind Menelik, and begged that these chains should be used. Menelik complied and also issued the edict that no prince, whatever his offence, should be killed, but made a prisoner and bound with fetters of gold.

I do not imagine it was difficult for him to escape. "I've often passed the place where Yasu is confined," said a European trader. "It's not more than twenty yards from the road, and the guard is so small that a few hand grenades would set him free." Apparently he has gone into the mountains and is raising a rebel army to fight against Ras Tafari, who once spared his life.

Of course, once again, the Abyssinian Church has excommunicated Lij Yasu. But there are many among the people who speak of this dissipated ex-Emperor, a burly man of compelling eyes, with real affection. They would like to see him back on the throne.

Such is the setting for the revolt in Abyssinia to-day.

PLAYS—*(Continued from p. 517)*

The only new horror-thriller in this programme was Mr. H. F. Maltby's *Something More Important*. Mr. Maltby shows that he can get away from his usual types and deal in the morbid with some success. To cut up a body and put the limbs in a sea-chest may, of course, almost be claimed as light relief by your true Grand Guignol devotee. The author has revived Seven Dials as a place for sordid happenings; of late years its horrors have been confined, as far as I am concerned, to the witnessing of a series of extremely dull plays in the heart of it. Mr. Frederick Ross played splendidly in the old blood-and-thunder tradition, and Miss Rosalinde Fuller brought all her intelligence to bear in giving a new turn to the inevitable lady of the streets.

By way of an antidote to the dreadful happenings, the Duke of York's runs also a little revue called *Frills*. Since the ghastly on the stage makes many people hysterical, I am inclined to think that not all the laughter that greeted this effort was due to either the quality or the quantity of its humour. But it has some amusing lines and situations, and Mr. Edwin Laurence is really a very droll person indeed.

After having broken the Sabbath, *Ourselves Alone*, the Sinn Fein play, has been put on at the Globe for a regular run. On the night I attended there seemed to be two crowds—one applauding vigorously one point of view, and the other, with no less vigour, applauding a point of view diametrically opposite.

Dr. Noel Scott and Major Sturrock know their subject, and show with a fine sense of the stage the tragically uncomfortable state of Ireland in 1921.

The scales are held justly, and no undue emphasis is laid on the virtues of either side. The grim, humourless hate, however, of the Sinn Feiners is hardly appealing, though doubtless photographic in its realism, and it was difficult to sympathise with a fanatic who will insult and threaten with a revolver an old woman and a young girl (Mr. Harry Hutchinson, by the way, of *Juno and the Paycock* fame, played the part superbly).

As a play, *Ourselves Alone* fails only when the melodramatic sentiment is stretched too far. I cannot, for instance, believe that any man, even in Ireland, would carry Quixotic self-sacrifice to the extent of pretending to the woman he loved that he has killed her brother in order that she may marry the man who had actually killed him. One grew, too, a little bored with the constant repetition of revolver shots, and of almost every conceivable word beginning with the letter "b" not usually used in print or in the presence of women.

Otherwise this is live, interesting stuff, and the acting, notably of Miss Sara Allgood, Miss Marjorie Mars, Mr. Frank Harvey, and Mr. J. A. O'Rourke, is well-nigh beyond reproach.

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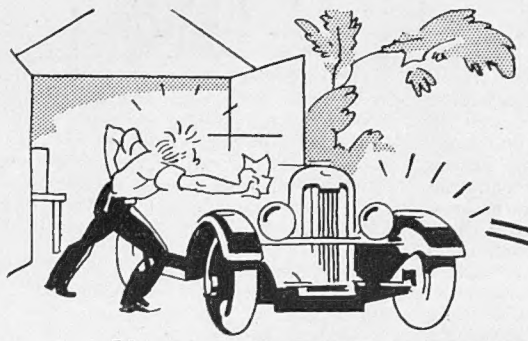

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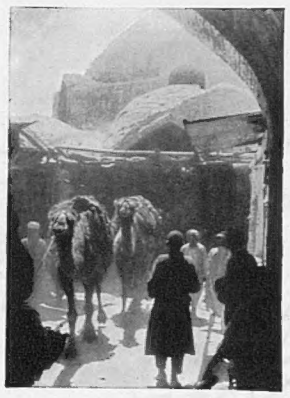

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The Soviet Icebreaker, *Malygin*, comfortably appointed and offering facilities for scientific observation and bear hunting, etc., will sail from Archangel on August 1st for her second annual Arctic Cruise. Visit Cape Flora, where the historic meeting between Nansen and Jackson took place; Franz Joseph Land, Rudolf Island, Novaya Zemlia. See the secret places of the Arctic and all the wonders that explorers have described to the world, the huts left by the Baldwin and other expeditions; the new schools and social services introduced for the first time by the Soviet Government in the Samoyed Settlements—the dawn of a new life in the Arctic. Rates from £122. ***Write for Booklet MS.***

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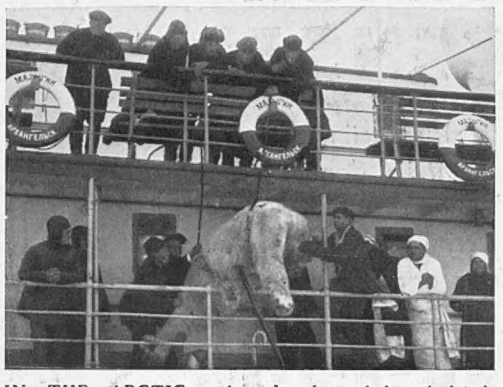
POLAR HOLIDAY

Nineteen-thirty-two is International Polar Year, which occurs once every fifty years. It is the occasion for co-ordinated Polar exploration and study undertaken simultaneously by various nations. This year thirty-four countries support the programme of International Polar Year, and fifteen countries have designated special Polar Year committees made up of their most eminent scientists. The development of the programme will be carried out by the International Polar Year Commission of the International Meteorological Organization.



IN THE ARCTIC: A polar bear being hoisted aboard the Soviet icebreaker, *Malygin*

It is natural that the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics should play a leading part in this work. Having by far the longest Arctic frontier of any nation in the world, and being engaged in the building up of industries near and even above the Arctic Circle, the Soviet Union has established a system of Arctic radio and scientific stations. Soviet ice-breakers and 'planes are constantly active on the Arctic front.

In July, 1931, the Soviet ice-breaker, *Malygin*, set out from Archangel into uncharted waters with a small group of travellers on board, in addition to the scientific staff.

This year the *Malygin* will undertake a more extensive expedition into the North, and again a limited number of travellers will be accommodated on board.

The *Malygin* is specially constructed for work in heavy ice, is of 1,600 registered tons and 2,600 h.p., and was outfitted last year with comforts and conveniences never before seen aboard an ice-breaker. The cabins, single and double, are steam heated; there are bathrooms, a library, a recreation-room, and a mahogany dining salon.

The *Malygin* is 243 ft. in length, has a beam of 41 ft., and carries a crew of fifty, including stewardesses for the personal service of the ladies of the party.

The members of the cruise assemble in Moscow on July 25, and spend three days seeing the sights of the capital of the U.S.S.R. On the evening of the third day, July 28, they go by wagons-lits-type train to Archangel.

A motor-boat ride up the Dwina River fills in time while the baggage is being loaded.

On August 1 the ship sets off into the North via the Dwina Delta and the White Sea.

In Barents Sea, the first floating ice and the first polar bear are seen. As the ice-floes become larger and more numerous the polar game increases. At latitude 76 deg. north—the edge of the polar ice-pack—the steel-clad *Malygin* cuts her way easily through ice from 6 to 10 ft. thick. Polar bears approach within easy rifle range. Members of the 1931 cruise shot more than a dozen beautiful specimens without leaving the security of the *Malygin's* deck.

The route proceeds via Franz Josef Land, Bell Island, Calm Bay, the Vale of Silence, the Island of Seals, Rudolf Island, Novaya Zemlya, with its bear, seal, and walrus, the Samoyed village of Malye Karmakuli, Belushia Bay, Kolguiev Island to Murmansk.

In Murmansk, after a day of sightseeing, the route goes by, train to Leningrad, where three days are spent. At the end of the third day the trip ends.

In general it may be said that the time aboard the *Malygin* will not be less than twenty-five days. The probable duration is thirty or thirty-one days in addition to the time spent in Moscow, Archangel, Murmansk, and Leningrad.

For information and bookings, application should be made to Intourist, Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

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It is claimed for Kutnow's Powder, the well-known English preparation, that it embodies the identical medicinal properties of the Carlsbad Medicinal Springs. These improved Carlsbad Salts may be taken with advantage each morning before breakfast in a glass of warm water, preferably with the juice of half a lemon. Kutnow's Powder has the commendation of the Medical Press and such world-renowned physicians as the late Sir Morell Mackenzie and the late Professor Lawson Tait.

NOTES and NEWS

MORRIS MARINE

At the Royal Scottish Motor Yacht Club Regatta held at Shandon on June 11 two well-known firms were triumphant—Morris Motors Limited, manufacturers of Morris Marine Engines, and Messrs. James A. Silver Limited, makers of the winning Cabin Cruisers. There were eleven starters in this Cabin Cruiser race and the first place was gained by *June Amelia* fitted with a Morris "Navigator" engine (owner: Mr. Harold Shoesmith) and the second place by *Wairakei II*, engined with twin Morris "Commodores" (owner: Councillor Fred. Shoesmith).

"COME TO BRITAIN"

A cunning mixture of English and Continental styles marks the appearance of a brochure recently circulated by Thos. Cook and Son. These booklets are being distributed throughout the Continent, particularly in France, Switzerland, Holland, and Germany, as the Cook-Wagons-Lits contribution to the "Come to Britain" Movement. It is a most effective means of attracting foreigners to England, for its startling cover and delightful contents cannot fail to arouse interest. Quaint pen-and-ink sketches alternate with photographic views of British beauty spots, which are, in turn, described in the language suitable to the country in which the booklet, *Maintenant Allons en Angleterre*, is circulating.

The cover to the Cook's brochure described on this page

A TONIC IN TIME

In contemplating the minor ailments to which we are so dismally subject in our daily lives, it jumps to the eye that it is these more trifling disabilities rather than serious disorders which keep us below the level of vigorous enjoyment in life.

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MAKING THE DONKEY KICK: Colonel V. C. Jones (left), Managing Director, and Mr. Philip Carr (right, in grey hat, leaning on box), Chairman of the Board, at one of the side shows at the Peek Frean Club's Sports Gala and Fête held at the ground, Eltham

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